

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

During the past few weeks I have been frequently returning to the city on an early morning train, and have been much impressed by Toronto as it gets out of bed and turns with a yawn to the toll of the day. I am not fond of early rising myself, though I esteem it an excellent thing in others. I find it easier, however, to turn out early in the morning from a berth in a sleeping-car than from a more slumber-inviting bed at home. When the porter begins to pack away the bedding of deserted berths and shoves up that ponderous and far-away thing known as an "upper," it is his invariable custom to make it impossible for anyone to sleep. After making beds and blacking boots, both of which occupations seem unfitted to a grown man; after being scolded at by those who have to go "upstairs" and growled at by those who find the car too hot or too cold, and after spending the moments when he would be pleased to snooze, in answering the bell, it is not strange that the porter begins the new day with an anxiety to collect his tips, fix up his car and get home. To facilitate the "getting home" part of the programme, he shuts up the upper berth next to one's own with a bang which suggests a collision at least. If you persist in trying to sleep, the porter permits himself, with apologetic readiness, to be crowded into your berth by some passer-by, or fixes the steps so that everybody who passes must necessarily brush your curtains aside and keep you awake. If these devices fail, he reaches in and gives you a more or less gentle shake and tells you that barely time remains to dress either for breakfast or your destination.

Though the porters on the Canadian Pacific Railway, particularly those on the Ontario branches upon which I have been traveling, are freer from these little tricks of their profession than any other men of their class, and the cars are really more comfortable than others, yet I am willing to get up in the morning and stand around the wash-room waiting for my turn at the soap and towels. I do not think I will ever become addicted to any morbid liking for hanging around a railroad train a moment longer than is absolutely necessary. Least of all that section of a train where sleepy passengers glare at one another if more than half a minute, three splashes of water and a dab of a towel are made to do duty for a bath.

If the sleepy passenger who seems to be finishing his nap standing up, and the scowling passenger who is evidently finishing a bad dream while awake, and the obtrusive passenger who mistakes that end of the car for his private state-room, are disagreeable, there is another who is still more objectionable. He is the gentleman who whistles at that unseemly hour, or sings and endeavors to convey the impression that he is a lark announcing the dawn. His gaiety is irritating, and he almost invariably uses two immense brushes as large as currcombs to fix his hair, and stands, until removed by force, in front of the mirror, into which I would like to peer for a moment in order to find out whether I look as tough as I feel. I am not sure, but I think it is bad form for anyone to whistle or sing in company of that sort without a written invitation. At any rate, this should become the rule, and then there would be no more indulgence in matin songs or self-complacent whistling to the accompaniment of splashing water, a towel or a pair of hair-brushes. I speak feelingly, for I waited for one of these birds of first-class passage till he sang and whistled through a whole opera this very morning, and felt sorry that he had probably inherited enough money to inflict himself on a great many different people in widely separated localities.

It is interesting to watch the alighting passengers, valise in hand, darting off in search of a carriage or a car. Why should the motion of a train affect people to such an extent that they cannot touch the platform without desiring to rush? If you will notice it, when people get off a train they always try to keep up the speed, and scarcely ever walk away with their ordinary deliberation and dignity. There are always plenty of carriages, such as they are, at the Union Station, and the conductors of the cars know enough to wait until the train has had a chance to empty itself. But it makes no difference; each passenger considers it his duty to clutch his valise and umbrella, shut his teeth, fix a desperate, maniacal eye on the passage-way, hold out his head like a trotting horse, and generally convey the impression that he is ready to break into a run at any second.

By the way, the street car arrangements at the Union depot are excellent. Probably they have been good for a considerable time, but I have had no occasion to use them until lately, when I was startled to find the best railway-station car service I have ever seen in any country. The conductor is not only polite but intelligent, can tell every enquirer where to transfer to another car, and enters into the spirit of the thing as if he were proprietor of a bus and determined to take all the business away from the cabs. An old gentleman taking the car at the station for the first time, a week or so ago, was so delighted with the service that he threatened to report the conductor for being the smartest fellow that ever collected a fare.

One often hears books called "immoral" and "bad," and so roundly denounced that it is only in secret that one dare open them with an

idea of finding out what the naughtiness is all about. As a rule, I find that people call books immoral without any good understanding of what they are talking about. The average reader calls a book immoral if it deals to any considerable extent with the life of a woman who has been guilty of a social lapse and has been found out. It seems to make no difference if she reforms and becomes a respectable person. Indeed, it seems to rather aggravate the offence of an author if he not only recognizes the existence of the female sinner, but by endeavoring to rehabilitate her suggests that she has not been guilty of the unpardonable sin. Books may be written about bad men and not be bad books, but write a book about a bad woman, or even permit her to have a prominent part in the story, and conventionally the book becomes a bad one. My idea of a bad book is one that teaches a bad lesson or is written for a bad purpose, or that makes it seem "cute" or "smart," or profitable, to be bad.

I think the reader should discriminate between the person written about and what

ing of thought and care. Such a habit should be avoided, and one of the first duties of parents, and one very commonly neglected, is to select the proper books; read over the preface with the young student; relate something of the life and struggles of the author, and interest the young mind not only in the story, but in the story of the story-teller, or the history of the history-writer. In this way the writer becomes a living person and what is written has a meaning outside of the tale told. It is quite useless to speak of one book being good and another bad. It will prove idle and ineffectual to hide the so-called objectionable book behind lock and key, for the mere presence of such a book in the house excites curiosity and a morbid desire to read it.

Many of the books stigmatized as bad, if properly read and explained would provide lessons for young people which parents sometimes feel delicate about giving, without some text being offered. Thus, if parents would take the works of an accredited writer, read them first, understand them, make comparisons between the incidents related and incidents which are fami-

out offence. I have no use, however, for men who adopt these tricks to excite sympathy, obtain laudatory paragraphs and evade duties. This remark is caused by seeing in all the daily papers a carefully prepared paragraph with regard to one of the Cabinet Ministers at Ottawa, who has evidently taken infinite pains to load up the correspondents at the capital with fairy tale about enormous burdens of his department having broken down his health. He would have us believe that he has been sitting up nights with a great big wet towel wrapped around his head, planning great plans, preparing voluminous bills and framing huge acts of parliament. It seems hardly generous to doubt this man's sickness, but I know his tricks so well that I am always on the lookout for some new piece of crookedness after he has had a sick spell. Unfortunately for himself, he is a man who does not even take pains to tell the truth on the floor of Parliament, but is every now and then caught in the act of prevaricating, and occasionally in downright falsehood. This being the case, I may be excused if I doubt the genuineness of Hon. Dr. Montague's attack of

work was the passing of remedial legislation, and a more difficult or iniquitous task never faced a premier. It may be said that a premier more fitted for the task never squared his shoulders to a job, for Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., has no scruples of conscience and no spotless record to be sullied by his self-imposed task of doing what no other man of prominence in Canada could be induced to countenance.

We may expect in Parliament a scene, or series of scenes, which has had no counterpart. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., must expect to face changes which will revive in the public memory scandals of long ago, and if already he has not had occasion to wish that the dead past might be permitted to bury its dead, he will soon wish that he had not outlived the men of his time and that his record were not likely to outlive him. True, he will have his son to help him, but woe betide the son who has to spend even a portion of his life in defending the honor of his father with the records of his country as accuser. The Ministry will doubtless rush to his rescue, but they are likely to be kept busy with their own records. Sir Mackenzie Bowell is likely to be sacrificed early in the game, for he is in the road. Then it will be seen that Sir Charles Senior came back to Canada to consult with the Premier while Sir Charles Junior knifed him in the back. Mr. Foster was joyously jolted into the scheme to his own undoing, and it is now a fight for life with him and no time or love can he spare for the Toppers. The remainder of the Cabinet are of no account and will have to scramble for their seats.

Geographically the outlook is not cheering. Ontario does not want remedial legislation nor any more Tupperism. Manitoba is to be coerced, and self-respect alone will make her fight those who attempt to tyrannize over her. Quebec seems to stand behind Laurier, and no matter how the quarrel ends in Parliament the whole country will have its say before long. The remedial bill is to be pushed, and Sir Charles is now dripping with the oil of his anointment by Bishop Cameron, who stigmatized even those Catholics opposed to Tupper in Cape Breton as "hell-inspired hypocrites." The party is now more snarled up with the Church than ever, and the man who came to deliver us from the mess Bowell got us into has got us further into the mire. The next week will see some interesting developments, and those will be poor citizens who do not lend a hand to make the opinion of those untrified by the hierarchy felt and appreciated.

The rumor that Sir Oliver Mowat intends to go into the Federal fight is well founded. He has been Premier of Ontario until there are no more honors to be won in a provincial fight. It was his intention to retire from public life at or before the next elections, but we all know that the prudence of which he possesses so large a share would impel him to leave affairs in charge of those who are now his lieutenants for some time before an appeal is to be made to the people, in order that they may prove themselves able to manage the concern. As he was going out at any rate, it is perfectly natural in a politician that he should assign any other reason than the right one for his course. Another triumph is possible; a victory in Federal politics! The Liberal party has a good chance of winning, not because they have been smart, but on account of the divisions in the ranks of their opponents. Now is the time for the astute Sir Oliver to strike and make a still greater name for himself, while doing his Federal friends a favor. There is no jealousy of him, and the smaller men know that without him they have a much poorer chance of winning. Ontario is the Opposition's weak point; it is Sir Oliver's stronghold. The bishops dare not try to bulldoze the Liberal party in Ontario if it is led by Sir Oliver, who has been their friend and who would still have power to tip over their application in the Legislature. Sir Oliver is popular with Catholics in every province, and still has the confidence of the Scotch Presbyterians, who will have nothing to do with remedial legislation. Surely Sir Oliver's name is one to conjure with, and the Liberals at Ottawa know it. Moreover, he knows it himself and is going into the fight to wind up his political career by a victory greater than he ever won before.

As to Sir Oliver's successor, there is not the slightest doubt Hon. Arthur Sturgis Hardy will take the place and Hon. Mr. Gibson will be his right bower. What of Hon. G. W. Ross, by all odds the cleverest platform speaker in Canada? Of his future movements I have no accurate information, but we all know that he has been stumping in Dominion politics, solidifying himself with the French in Montreal by saying things he would not say were he wise and intending to stay in Ontario politics. The inference is plain that he, too, intends to go into the House of Commons and take a portfolio if the Liberals win. If they do not win, we may see Hon. Mr. Ross back with us as Minister of Education, for he is something of a speculator and does not mind taking chances. Who will succeed him as Minister of Education if he leaves? Ah, there's the rub! With the change of ministers will come a considerable change of policy, and Mr. Ross's successor will not be a second Mr. Ross, but a man who is more businesslike and less disposed to be the whole educational system himself. However, we can well afford to let matters develop in the session which begins next week and



Prithee, pretty maidens,
Smile your sweetest now
While Cupid as your postman
Makes an humble bow.

Smile, and let the roses
Break their tender hearts,
Jealous of the tides
Each token here imparts.

Smile, for I am laden
With burning, love-lit lines;
Your lover's hearts I bring you
Disguised as Valentines!

—Hobart.

is written. The Bible itself tells us much about wicked people, yet none but those blatant disbelievers who are anxious to find evil in everything, ever think of taking isolated portions of the history of God's people on earth and trying to prove that the Bible is an immoral book. On the other hand, we all recognize the Bible to be the greatest book that was ever written, containing not only the grandest literature and most stirring history, but the noblest lessons. George Eliot has written of bad people, yet none but prudes would think of calling her books bad. Shakespeare's work is thronged with men and women that we should not care to meet in life. Indeed, there is scarcely a book written that has not one or more bad characters in it. A book with a bad lesson in it is fortunately much more rare, and many of the works that have been placed in the Index Expurgatorius are there because they have been misunderstood. One might take the Bible and by skipping the noble and inspired lessons find two or three hours' reading which would do one no good. So we can take many books which deal plainly with life as it is, and by skipping the lessons and the connecting links discover much that is rude and, taken in the abstract, suggestive and improper. Books that depend upon careful reading and a mature judgment should of course be kept out of the hands of the young, who read for pleasure rather than profit, but no one who is to have access to the ordinary run of reading matter should be let dip into modern fiction, or even the works of standard authors, without first being taught how to read, and being, if possible, made to feel that reading is not a dissipation, something to fill in an idle hour. It is quite possible for novel-reading, the culling of the light parts of magazine literature and the daily scanning of newspapers, to become like dram-drinking, an habitual excitement and an unhealthy banish-

ment, they would discover some of the treasures which toiling authors have put on the pages of books merely to have them passed over by the idle, the sensation-hunter and the prurient. As a rule I believe in the good intentions of those who write books and put their names on the title page. No man or woman desires to go down to even the next generation branded as a purveyor of that which is indecent or even unwholesome. In justice to a writer one should take pains not to call his book bad or immoral. Much more in justice to the thousands who read such books should we be careful not to make it appear that their taste is perverted and their imaginations improper because they seek to know something of the mysteries of life.

This is an age of realism, and even children before they have reached their teens learn much in the public schools, and in schools of all kinds, that needs direction, and it is much better for them to have a full and clear understanding of the problems with which they will be confronted than to stumble on through life with a vague and fantastic notion that there is "fun" in being naughty, or pleasing adventure in doing risky and compromising things. Next to the ignorance that is bliss is the knowledge which is sufficiently full to assist its owner to escape from the snares of vague beliefs and dangerous guesswork.

It is bad enough when women arm themselves against the disagreeable contacts and misadventures of life by keeping a stock of headaches and sick spells on hand. We all know a number of people who can be relied upon to be indisposed when any disagreeable duty is likely to fall to their share. Very often these little attacks of indisposition are a polite and almost justifiable conventionality which makes it possible for a refusal to be given with

illness which will "necessitate him going to New York to consult a specialist." Until quite recently he was out on strike with the other six bolters, and in his newly acquired Department of Agriculture there is but very little to do. During the last trouble he had a sick brother somewhere that he had to go to see, and if anyone took pains to chronicle the movements of so small a personage this notorious self-advertiser and leader-up of reporters would be found to have escaped many a tight corner by falling sick or having some friend conveniently take to bed. In the present instance, after reading the news paragraphs with which the Minister of Agriculture has flooded the press of the country, together with the editorials accompanying them, one can imagine the tearful reporters gathered around his bedside, taking leave of the industrious stretchers as he is about to be removed in an ambulance to the private car Cumberland. To those who know the facts the whole business is a roaring farce, which is only kept from being superlatively funny by the element of babyishness, hunger for advertisement, and yearning for a chance to get out of a tight fix, which is more suggestive of the coward than the cavalier.

Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., has been elected in Cape Breton by a majority and is now in Ottawa safely installed as Secretary of State. The triumphal progress from the Sounding Sea to the Capital was all that it could be made by such a careful attention to details as an advance agent could give, and we are at last face to face with the problem. "What will he do with it?" The "it" in this context is not intended to refer to Sir Mackenzie Bowell, but to the job of getting the Conservative party into shape and proceeding with the work for which Parliament was called together. That

which will probably end before the Parliament at Ottawa expires.

Talking about politics, it must not be forgotten that even the great political parties are largely local in their issues. I have in mind more than one instance in which a strong minded man has been the center of the Conservative party in his constituency for so many years that his party in that locality believes almost altogether as he does, or did. He might just as easily be a Reformer in principle, and without any change of principle he could vote Reform, and so could the entire Conservative party in his district, yet they would esteem it a lasting disgrace if any one of them voted except for the regularly nominated Conservative candidate. As a matter of fact, they are held together only by common local interests and a name. In other localities Reformers have organized and stood together for many years without any governing principle that was not local.

It can be readily understood that in all such circumstances the party in its make-up and beliefs largely resembles the people who got it together. So true is this that many men who had been Reformers all their lives, when settling in a new locality find themselves so out of touch with the people of their own party that they work with the Conservatives, and vice versa. Local contests are the cause of party lines being drawn in strange places. In Ontario, until remedial legislation was proposed by Sir Mackenzie Bowell the Orangemen were almost solidly Conservative. In the Maritime Provinces, owing to fights over the school question, the Orangemen were nearly all Liberals, as it can be seen that even so strong a force can expend itself in two different party directions and still have the same impulse at heart and wear the same Protestant name. Scott's Act contests, family feuds, line fence disputes, slanders, church rows, and all sorts of things have much to do with creating the most fixed and unyielding divisions which ultimately adopt party names, and thereafter one faction is always bound to vote against the other.

This being the case, of course it is absolute nonsense for anyone to talk about this party being honest and the other party dishonest. Human nature is the same in both, the average respectability is about the same in both, or what is worse, the average ignorance of all political truths and economic laws is about the same in both. What is most needed is the dropping of slavish devotion to party names, the abandoning of fool-faith in party creeds, and a general effort to elect representatives with a strong and clear-cut belief in almost any political doctrine. We are cursed now with a lot of men who believe in nothing except the getting of office and the collecting of pay. Impenitent men should be avoided, particularly if they have been failures in their own business and have many people dependent upon them. The temptations offered to such men to become mere party drudges in order to obtain some petty office are overwhelming. The man sitting in Parliament trying to make himself solid for an appointment, is nothing but a slave of the administration and a curse to the country.

Social and Personal.

The only large private dance this week was given by Mrs. George Gooderham, Jr., in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, when a mild evening made going and coming not quite the pilgrimage it has been on other evenings lately, when sleet, rain or snow raged indiscriminately. And easy transit only prepared a large party of the merriest young folks imaginable for a most delightful dance, whereas everything available was turned to minister to their happiness.

On Thursday evening last St. George's Hall was the scene of the presentation of Mr. Charles J. F. Price's dramatization of Marie Correlli's story *Thelma*, by the Thespian Club, under the direction of Mr. Cleworth, of which I hope to speak next week.

The prophecies of fun to be enjoyed at the Princess Theater on Saturday evening by those who succeeded in getting seats, or even standing room, for the Wanderers' concert and *olla podrida*, were amply fulfilled. Never did a more hilarious audience and a more utterly funny show meet in a Toronto theater. Bicycling has taken such a hold on the community that even a medium entertainment would have been made the best of by people who would never have attended such an affair under other auspices, but the Wanderers did not give a medium show, but an exceeding good one, without a dull number from start to finish. The ushers beamed a cordial welcome, even the cloak woman was heartily glad to see the great crowd packing the seats, bordering the aisles, perching on the alcove ledges and filling boxes to their outside limits. The prompt boxes were occupied by two parties of ladies and gentlemen, while overhead the Lorne's cheered and applauded, and decorated their boxes with their banners and colors; *vis a vis* were the 'Varsity boys and the Banjo and Guitar Club, who played beautifully. The orchestra of Hungarian girls, in unhippy-looking petticoats and radiant yellow wigs, (by the way, I never knew any blonde Hungarians) must have made the spirits of Wagner and Liszt turn cold in horror, by the rendition of selections purporting to be composed by the great masters. Of the solos, Miss (or Mr.) Gianelli's cornet solo, with its echo from the gods, was immense; Mr. R. K. Barker gave a couple of Irish songs in his best style; Mr. Charlie Palmer sang two songs of his own composition in a very taking manner, and was admirably accompanied by a clever pianist. Funny Tommy Baker won great applause with his inimitable singing. The other people on the programme all did their parts admirably. The events of the evening was the competition of nine bicycle clubs for the possession of an immense cake, many stories high, and iced and decorated in great shape. Loud and long the audience laughed, as the various "coons" postured, shuffled and cut capers, and their lady partners ably aided and abetted their efforts. Many of the spectators

had heard of the traditional darky cake walk, but the exposition given by the bicycle boys was quite a revelation. The couple representing St. Alphonse Club were really most smart and graceful, the lady (I) being dressed very much *a la mode* in canary and black, and dancing like a fairy. Miss Brown and Mr. Ward McAllister Smith, who represented the Royal Canadian Club, were next in favor, though Miss Brown's exuberant spirits earned her several rebukes from the floor manager. She was a giesome darky! A very smart couple in black and gold also merited applause. The Athenaeum pair were rather hard-up costumes, the lady apparently not having observed the proverbial command to cut your coat according to your cloth, for whereas she wore a considerable attempt at a train, her skirt in front was decidedly abbreviated, with appalling revelations in the way of frills. The Wanderers cleared a large sum by the entertainment and added to their reputation as the cleverest club in Toronto when the dispensing of fun is the object in view. They did more, for among the audience were many who had their doubts as to the doings of a "smoker," and have been known, since the first Argonaut smoker, given years ago, to advise their sons, brothers and sweethearts of the fact, and vainly have they been assured that fun, sport and general merriment were the attractions of the ever-popular smoker. As they sat and laughed till they cried, on Saturday evening, they were probably finally convinced. By the way, the scene from Hamlet, though awfully out of order in the prevailing atmosphere, was well rendered by the three clever people taking part, and would have been much better appreciated in more suitable environment. It is hard to jump from Tim Doolan to Shakespeare, and from Hamlet to Scholastic and Cooper, who gave the funniest prize-fight ever witnessed by a mirth-convulsed crowd, and the arrangement of whose muscles filled one with wonder and confusion of mind.

Everyone seemed to be at the theaters on Saturday evening. The Grand was crowded for a last enjoyment of Hare and his splendid company of players. Seldon has the universal verdict been so happy as in his case. Everyone seemed the better and brighter for having seen the little repertoire of excellent plays presented last week. And this week we have Sandow, the man who amazed us all in Chicago at the Trocadero on the lake front, the man who is the perfection of muscular development and a very nice fellow as well.

Mrs. Shirley Danison gave a tea yesterday afternoon.

A tea which interested a number of smart people on Saturday was given by Mrs. Frederick Mowat of St. George street.

The Faculty of Moulton College will be at Home on St. Valentine's Day from 4:30 to seven o'clock.

Among those whom I noticed in Mrs. Herbert Mason's pretty suite of rooms on Saturday were: Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Perkins and Miss Dillon, Mrs. Acton Burroughs, Captain Robertson, Mr. Nordheimer, Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Alley, Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. Alfred Mason, Miss Lesselle and some others.

Mrs. Herbert Mason's small musical on Saturday was a very charming treat, and the encomiums passed on Mrs. Webster's playing must have gratified both artist and hostess alike. Mr. Webster accompanied his clever wife, and also sang several songs, his voice sounding well and the people being impressed into utter silence during the singing. Mrs. Webster played many times, selecting such pieces as showed the capability of the mandolin to express varied styles, and quite a difference of opinion was expressed as to which was absolutely the most happy selection. Some preferred the Cavatina; some, one or other of the Volk songs, chosen from five or six different nationalities and markedly descriptive; the German Cradle Song pleased many best. After the music came a dainty tea, and a very artistic and refined affair was brought to a close with thanks and adieux from the smart people who attended it.

The second clashing of dates between good old Trinity and the dashing young Athletic Club, in regard to their annual dance, has been most unfortunate. Both parties, however, had proceeded too far in their arrangements to again postpone the respective functions, and while each regrets the unpremeditated *embarras de richesse*, it cannot be helped. It is not easy to postpone and postpone again, and the committee who has had to face disconcerted lady patrons and fractious musicians for one postponement, knows better than to get into such a hard place again, even if it were possible that everyone concerned was free for a second date.

Mrs. Thomas Alison of College street and Mrs. P. C. Larkin have gone on a trip to Bermuda and West Indies for three months.

Mrs. Joseph Macdougall of Carlton Lodge and Miss Dorothy Blomfield left on Monday for Ottawa, where they will attend the grand costume ball given by Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, on St. Valentine's night.

The Bachelors of Orangeville give their annual ball next Tuesday evening in the Town Hall.

A lot of things were dated for the seventh, last evening. Upper Canada College At Home, with this grand list of patrons, captured the young people: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. J. J. Kingmill, Mrs. G. T. Danison, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Frank Arnould, Mrs. W. S. Jackson, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. N. G. Hilton, Mrs. John Watson, Mrs. C. L. Parmenter, and Mrs. R. Darling. The Leap Year dance given by Whiby's matrons and maidens and showing patrons instead of patrons, as follows: Judge Dartnell, Dr. Warren, Colonel O'Donovan, Messrs. T. A. McGillivray, G. A. Ross, with Mrs. G. A. Ross as honorary secretary, was also a function which last even-

ing tempted some of our people. Knox College was filled with guests for the annual conversations on the same date.

Miss Minnie Darby has been home for a short vacation, looking very well and pretty, and being greeted with much pleasure by her old friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Jarvis has sent out cards for an At Home at her residence, 258 Jarvis street, on next Monday afternoon from 4:30 to 7 o'clock.

I am glad to see that a much needed school for the instruction of cyclists is to be opened to day in a very central part of the city. The riding academy is situated near the junction of Yonge and Queen streets, over the establishment of McDonald & Wilson, 187 Yonge street, and is known as the Remington Cycle School. The hall is very cosily fitted up, and ample space is secured for a large riding class. The hours reserved for ladies are every morning from nine to twelve, and three afternoons and evenings a week. That many beautiful wheels are often injured by casualties consequent upon the wild vagaries of beginners not properly guided and instructed, is a fact agreeably evident to cycle manufacturers and deplored by everyone else. The price of a course of riding lessons would be more than covered by one repairer's fee, and the bruises and discomfort suffered by the novice quite obviated. Great care will be exercised in the scrutiny of names submitted for instruction, and every effort put forth to make the Remington Cycle School the most agreeable and interesting place in which to pass away an hour, for cyclists and would-be cyclists. Many a timid girl and nervous matron will find the Riding School a short and safe cut to the Happy Land of Wheedon.

Last evening the "Fifty" gave a dance at Webb's parlors, of which I shall speak further in next issue.

As Lent draws near, the dancing set in smart society finds many events crowding upon them before the day of sackcloth and ashes puts an end to the merry whirl. The *bal poudre* is the last affair of importance on the list, and is, as usual, fixed for the Monday before Ash Wednesday. The Pavilion will be the scene of the pretty function and the Ladies' Work Depository the beneficiary.

A young firm of solicitors has just broken loose from the firm of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin & Creelman, Messrs. Ha. Court & Barker, who are nicely located in the new SATURDAY NIGHT building.

The Zeta Psi fraternity held their annual banquet at Webb's on Saturday night. Mr. Edmund Bristol, the present head of the fraternity in America, was chairman, and two delegates from McGill University, Messrs. Campbell-Howard and Doucett, were among the guests.

Mrs. Irving Cameron gave a young people's tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Sleighbelling parties have haunted the town and country since the plentiful supply of the beautiful which has blessed us recently. From the modish party, with six horses, which swept through the streets and sought the country last week, to the humble "bob" with its tin horns and cow-bells, their name has been legion.

The telephone service, which has been demoralized for the past fortnight, is almost all in working order again. The annoyance and disappointment caused by the wreck of the wires has been very keenly felt in social as well as business and professional circles, for the little "hello" box plays no mean part in our society drama, or comedy, or farce, whichever your humor chooses to call it.

The Alpha Delta Phi, the fraternity which has been honored by the membership of James Russell Lowell, Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher, held their annual dinner at Webb's on Thursday evening of last week. Among the guests were: Professor Baker, Professor Mavor, Dr. Jim Thorburn, Messrs. Charles Garrow, Jack Meredith, Jack Falconbridge, Harry Evans, Carl Kordan, W. McLean Macdonald and W. H. Moore. Covers were laid for thirty three.

Miss Magdalen Meredith, who has been visiting her grandmother in London, returns home next week.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Scott makes the second defalcation from the trio of good friends who in bachelor days began a friendship which is proof against the entrance of woman into the charmed circle. Mr. W. Macdonald's marriage, followed by that of his partner, Mr. Scott, leaves only one still unwed, and it is only a matter of time before he also enters the ranks of the bachelors, his scalp even now hanging before a Rosedale wigwam.

Next week beautiful old Trinity will welcome her friends, and never through all the year does one go with gladder face than to the annual conversat. within her academic walls. The cosy rooms of this and that pot dor or student, the librarian's charming little snugger, the loving cup of good host Huntingford, the cheery welcome of the professor down stairs in his quaint old library, the scurrying flight down bewildering corridors—Ah! there's no place like old Trinity for a good evening of pleasant converse, and may next week be the happiest of all under the new provost's kindly rule.

Mr. George Brown of Edinburgh has been for some days in town and is visiting his uncle, Mr. Gordon Brown.

Mr. Charles Duff Scott of Toronto was married last month to Miss Harriett Cowen Dent Le Mars, Iowa, the home of the bride. The wedding was distinctly a smart social event and the description given by the local papers was most enthusiastic. The ceremony took place at St. George's Episcopal church. The chancel was converted into a veritable garden of beauty. Above, a canopy of green was formed by leafy cedar and glistening smilax. The walls about were hidden with luxuriant Southern plants, while stately palms flanked either side. Wreaths of smilax were en-

twined about the chancel rail, and beyond, the pure white masses of snowy rose and chrysanthemums, heaped in lavish profusion, covered the altar itself. The rich altar cloth of white and gold was fringed with petunias and mignonette, their sweet odor permeating every nook and corner of the chapel. Connecting ropes of smilax extended to the pipe organ, which was decorated with green guarded by another bank of palms. The bridal finery is thus described. "Never more beautiful than upon her marriage day, the lovely young woman advanced slowly with queenly mien. She was preceded by her bridesmaids, Miss Edythe Dent, her sister, and Miss Dorothea Matthews, who were costumed in becoming gowns of pink satin and crepon with pink roses. The bridal gown was of finest fabric of ivory satin and crepon, exquisitely draped, and with a wealth of filmy lace. She carried a large bouquet of orange blossoms, and others were also nestled in her coiffure and caught up at the neck with a valuable star of diamonds, the wedding gift of the groom. The long train was borne by the two pages, Masters Chauncey Dant and Randall Sammis, who wore court costumes of white satin, trimmed with velvet." Mr. and Mrs. Scott will arrive in Toronto about the fifteenth of this month.

I hear from Ottawa that Mrs. J. J. McGee of Daly avenue entertained a number of ladies and gentlemen at a card party on Tuesday evening. Among the invited guests were: Hon. John and Mrs. Costigan, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Isbester, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Gillis, Mrs. Lynn, Hon. M. McDonald, C. B., Mr. Macdonald, M. P., Consul-General and Mrs. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. D. O'Connor and others. Also, that Mrs. John Costigan gives an At Home on Wednesday, February 12; and that their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen give an At Home on Wednesday, February 12, from 9:15 to 12 o'clock.

The ladies of the Russell House give a card party every Saturday evening for themselves and the gentlemen boarders only.

Mrs. Chamberlain gives a large dance in the Racket Court on Tuesday evening next.

The usual skating party comes off at Rideau Hall on Saturday afternoon.

On Wednesday the marriage was celebrated of Mr. Frederick William Gerald Fitzgerald and Miss Clara DuBois Osler, third daughter of Mr. Justice Osler, the two young people being among the best known in social circles in Toronto.

Mrs. Thomson, 57 Queen's park, gave a beautiful reception on Wednesday afternoon. The table was simply and exquisitely decorated with white and green, hyacinths being the flowers selected. The sweetest of music was made by the Italian orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. Dineen have sent out cards for the celebration of their silver wedding on the thirteenth of this month.

Mrs. James Weeks of Thorold has returned home after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. S. T. Church of Alexander street.

A pleasant social evening was enjoyed by a number of friends at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Church, 53 Alexander street, on Friday of last week.

The Athletic Club dance on the twelfth is assured of success, as the demand for tickets has been very large. The music will be supplied by D'Alessandro, who is much favored by the Athletic Club on all occasions. The supper will be both varied and elegant. The ladies committee held their annual meeting this week. Mrs. Walter S. Lee continues in the president's chair. Mrs. Goldwin Smith is the honorary president. Mrs. Forsythe Grant and Mrs. Harry Pellatt are vice-presidents. The committee remains the same as last year.

The residence of Mr. E. Merrett in West King street was on Wednesday evening the scene of a very pretty though quiet wedding, when his niece, Miss Rose Bright was united in marriage to Mr. T. H. (Harry) Cramp, Rev. E. H. Copp of St. Stephen's tied the knot. Miss Ins. Merrett, cousin of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, while the groomsman was Mr. George E. Roden. Although this little affair was quite private, the presents were numerous and very handsome.

Mrs. Harry Walker of St. Vincent street gave a very pretty tea last week. The decorations were pink and green, and the buffet was done in crossed ribbons and flowers. Mrs. Walker received in a white silk gown and was assisted by a smart party of pretty women and girls.

The Bachelors of London gave a ball at the Tecumseh House on Friday evening, February 7. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. T. H. Carling, Mrs. G. C. Gibbons, Mrs. G. B. Harris, Mrs. I. F. Hellmuth, Mrs. McDonough, Mrs. T. G. Meredith, Mrs. R. C. Macle, Mrs. J. H. Niven, Mrs. E. Jones Parke, Mrs. W. J. Reid, and Mrs. Henry Smith. Mr. George C. Gunn was honorary secretary, and the following gentlemen were stewards: Messrs. H. Randolph Abbott, Richard A. Hay, A. Ormsby Graydon, Frederick F. Harper, H. R. Lyon, H. Marshall Graydon, T. A. Little, Thomas W. Martin, George Macbeth, A. M. Smith, Frank Reid, and R. O. Shaw-Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Dineen have sent out cards for the celebration of their silver wedding on the thirteenth of this month.

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Feb. 8, 1896

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Social and Personal.

What constitutes success in public ball? Absolutely the attendance in great numbers of those who form the fearfully and wonderfully divided sets in the upper stratum of society. For the various committees may provide the best of music, the most elegant of suppers and the most absolutely enticing of floors, and if the crowd does not materialize, verily all is vanity! Such was the deplorable experience, in a modified degree, of the young fellows who worked so hard to make things lovely for men and maidens at Osgoode Hall last Friday. We who went revelled in room to dance, which we have never found there before, and alternately congratulated each other on the superlatively good time we were having, and regretted the reason why we had it, for the sake of the committees aforesaid. Osgoode never looked better. New beauties are hers every year, and this year the new library is her chiefest pride and boast. It is really a charming place; the ceiling, in soft cream and warm pale browns, is prettily stuccoed, the walls are hand-carved with wreaths and the whole apartment is a gem. Mr. Grier's picture of Professor Reid, which was hung in the Law Schools, attracted many comments, and the portrait of Chief Justice Meredith, recently hung on the landing of the main stairway, was much admired—though it does not in the least flatter the original. A man has assured me that if one looks long enough at this picture, one can see the left thumb wiggle. There is every excuse for such a performance on the part of the thumb, as its position is very strained. But there were better things to look at than the counterfeit presentations of handsome men. There were some beautiful girls, three of whom being comparative strangers in Toronto especially attracted notice. Miss Harrison, with perfect complexion and dark eyes and hair, was most distinguished; Miss Skill of Cobourg was beautiful and much admired in a black gown with a white *coque* boa; Miss Stanton, another "daughter of the gods, divinely tall," was charmingly gowned in white. A pretty *debutante* was Miss Smith of Huron street, who was in white silk and crimson roses, and chaperoned by Mrs. Moorhouse. A group of chaperones were in the gallery of Convocation Hall, and the platform had its usual cosy corner near the band and screened with palms. Guests went in at one door and out at the other, and woe betide you if you reversed the order. There were red-coated soldiers who smartly ordered you back and who refused to be cajoled. The supper, which was served by Williams in the rotunda, as usual was really beyond criticism, and its excellence explained how this new caterer has managed to capture so many large contracts this season. The tables were elaborately decorated and I was quite sorry that circumstances did not permit of my tarrying to make personal test of the good things thereon. A few of the people I noticed were: Mrs. Mandeville Merritt, in a handsome salmon brocade with lace *applique*; Mrs. Ferguson, in lavender brocade; Mrs. Macdougall, in canary and black; Miss Sheila Macdougall, in a pretty red frock; Miss Dorothy Blomfield, in black and pink; Mrs. Marsh, in striped silk with green velvet; Mrs. Charles Murray, in heliotrope and white silk and *chiffon*; Mrs. James Ince, in pink; Mrs. Mulock, in dove gray brocade; Mrs. Mulock, Jr., in pink, with cuirass of crystal embroidery bordered with swan's-down; Mrs. Harrison, looking very handsome in gray brocade and fine lace; Mrs. May, in white and black striped silk; Mrs. Ritchie, in rich and becoming gown; Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, in robin-egg blue silk, with *chiffon* and a charming *coiffure* adorned by one crimson rose. Several people came quite late after the not-to-be-resisted temptation of an evening at the Grand, Miss Hodgins, Miss Small and several others were in a party I passed going out. Others present were: The Misses Mortimer Clarke, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Pearson; Colonel Oster, Mrs. and Miss Montizambert, Mrs. MacKenzie Alexander, who looked very well in black, with lace and velvet; Mr. Alexander, Mrs. George Macdonald, Mrs. Carveth, Mr. Andrew Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Riddell wearing an elegant gown of white satin, brocaded with pale blue flowers; Mrs. Robert Skinner, in white satin; Mrs. Woodward of New York, and her hostess, Miss May Walker, in a pink gown; Mr. Audrey Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, the lady in dainty gown of pure white; the Misses Ferguson of Eastlawn, and many others. While the *sine qua non* of success was somewhat wanting and people one hoped to see were not there, still Osgoode was charming and everyone enjoyed it immensely. Various queer theories have been afloat as to why people did not turn out better. A simple reason was that rather a large exodus of conspicuous society people has recently taken place, and many of our best known people are away. Then, again, several dinners were on last Friday evening, and a splendid and popular attraction waded many down town to the Grand.

An indignant young person having threatened me with dire vengeance if I again use the word *booby* in designating the prize accorded to the least adept in cheating at the various progressives which obscure the social horizon, I have agreed with her (she is the larger) that in future "Consolation prize" shall be substituted for the aforesome designation.

An afternoon progressive on Tuesday was given by Mrs. Grace of Madison avenue, who only returned a short time since from a trip of several months. Mrs. Grace also gave an evening progressive on Wednesday, which was very enjoyable.

Very elegant dinners were given this week by Sir Casimir and Lady Growski at the Hall, by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, and by Major and Mrs. Cosby of Mapleydene.

A very pretty wedding was quietly observed at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lindsay, Milton, on January 29, the contracting parties being Miss Mamie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, and Mr. David Tracksell of Seaford. The bride was attired in a beautiful costume of gray bengaline and car-

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ried an elegant bouquet of white roses. The bride was Miss Emma Tracksell, and best man Mr. Jack Lindsay of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Mahaffy in the presence of the near relatives and a few chosen friends. After the *dejeuner* the happy couple left for Toronto and points west, before settling in Seaford, their future home.

The German Conversation Club, under the direction of Herr Wilhelm Braun, B.A., commences a new term Saturday evening, February 8, at eight o'clock, in the parlor of St. George's Hall, Elm street.

Mr. J. D. Boulton, late of Molson's Bank, Toronto, and also of the branch at Waterloo, was banqueted at the Alexander House by his friends on the eve of his departure for Essex. Mr. McBride, formerly of Toronto, very ably filled the chair.

Miss Elizabeth King is spending a few weeks in New York, being the guest of Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wilbur.

Mrs. McLaughlin's tea last Friday was largely attended and much enjoyed by all the guests. The shades and decorations of the buffet, which was very nicely arranged, were in pale pink, and a number of pretty girls waited on the guests, dispensing the usual dainties. Mrs. McLaughlin's three handsome children were here, there and everywhere being potted and admired by everyone, and Master Wills, the eldest, was quite a small *cavalier des dames*, looking after the ladies in a most devoted and solicitous manner.

Mrs. S. G. Beatty's afternoon on Saturday for the members of the Woman's Art Association was one of the most interesting and pleasant affairs of the week. The handsome drawing-room on Isabella street was filled with lady artists, friends of artists, and lovers of art, who listened with great interest to Miss FitzGibson's talk about Canadian Art subjects, and to some quiet and forceful remarks from Mrs. Curzon, whose words are always backed by thoughts deep and true.

After these informal remarks, five o'clock tea, or, more properly speaking, an elegant repast was served in the dining-room and reception-room. The utmost limit of time saw the guests still lingering, till sudden memory of theater engagements German Club soiree and bicycle concert startled them into precipitate flight from the too hospitable mansion. A few of the ladies present were: Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Thebault, the Misses Carty, Mrs. W. H. B. Alkene, Miss Maud Givens, Miss McConnell, Miss Susie Ellis, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Sheppard and many others.

The University conversation and St. Valentine dance promises a great deal of enjoyment, and everything is being done by the committee to ensure the comfort and pleasure of those attending the function. One may dance this year in the new "gym," as it is familiarly known, and I hear very nice things about this gymnasium as regards its suitability for such amusement. Mr. W. E. Burrill, 103 Bay street, is the member of the committee who has charge of the tickets for the conversat.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

There was silence for a few moments, and then the stranger saluted the lady with a formal reverence as he laid down his gold-handled cane.

"Surely, madam, this mansion of my Lord Fareham's must be enchanted," he said. "I left a crowd of attendants, and the stir of life below and above stairs, only this forenoon last past. I find silence and vacancy. That is scarce strange in this dejected and unhappy time; for it is but too common a trick of hireling nurses to abandon their patients, and for servants to plunder and then desert a sick house. But to find an angel where I left a hag! This is the miracle! And an angel who has brought healing, if I mistake not," he added in a lower voice, bending over the sleeper.

"I am no angel, sir, but a weak erring mortal," answered the girl gravely. "For pity's sake, kind doctor—since I doubt not you are my lord's physician—tell me where are my dearest sister, Lady Fareham, and her children. Tell me the worst, I entreat you!"

"Sweet lady, there is no ill news to tell. Her ladyship and the little ones are safe at my lord's house in Oxfordshire, and it is only his lordship yonder who has fallen a victim to the contagion. Lady Fareham and her girl and boy have not been in London since the plague began to rage. My lord had business in the city and came hither alone. He and the young Lord Rochester, who is the most audacious infidel this town can show, have been bidding defiance to the pestilence, deeming their nobility safe from a sickness which has for the most part chosen its victims among the vulgar."

"His lordship is very ill, I fear, sir?" said Angela interrogatively.

"I left him at eleven o'clock this morning with but scanty hope of finding him alive after sundown. The woman I left to nurse him was his house steward's wife, and far above the common kind of plague-nurse. I did not think she would turn traitor."

"Her husband has proved a false steward. The house has been robbed of plate and valuables, as I believe, from signs I saw below stairs; and I suppose husband and wife went off together. It was an artful device of those plunderers to paint the red cross on the door, and thus scare away any visitor who might have discovered their depredations. But you, madam, a being so young and fragile, have you no fear of the contagion?"

"Nay, sir, I know that I am in God's hand. Yonder poor gentleman is not the first plague-patient I have nursed. There was a nun came from Holland to our convent at Louvain last year, and had scarce been one night in the house before tokens of the pestilence were discovered upon her. I helped the infirmary to nurse her, and with God's help we brought her round. My aunt, the Reverend Mother, bade me give her the best wine there was in the house—strong Spanish wine that a rich merchant had given to the convent for the sick—and it was as though that good wine drove the poison from her blood. She recovered by the grace of God after only a few days' careful nursing. Finding his lordship stricken with such great weakness, I ventured to give him a draught of the best sack I could find in his cellar."

"Dear lady, thou art a miracle of good sense and compassionate bounty. I doubt thou hast saved thy sister from widow's weeds," said Dr. Hodgkin, seated by the bed, with his fingers on the patient's wrist, and his massive gold watch in the other hand. "This sound sleep promises well, and the pulse beats somewhat slow and steadier than it did this morning. Then the case seemed hopeless, and I feared to give wine—though a free use of generous wine is my particular treatment—lest it should fly to his brain, and disturb his intellects at a time when he should need all his senses for the final disposition of his affairs. Great estates sometimes hang upon the breath of a dying man."

"Oh, sir, but your patient! To save his life, that would sure be your first and chiefest thought."

"Ay, ay, my pretty miss; but I had other measures. Apollo twang not ever on the same bow-string. Did my audacious work well, think you?"

"He was bathed in perspiration when first I found him; but the sweat-drops seemed cold and deadly, as if life itself were being dissolved out of him."

"Ay, there are cases in which that copious sweat is the forerunner of dissolution; but in others it augurs cure. The pent-up poison, which is corrupting the patient's blood, finds a sudden vent, its virulence is diluted, and if the end prove fatal, it is that the patient lacks power to rally after the ravages of the disease, rather than that the poison kills. Was it instantly after that profuse sweat you gave him the wine, I wonder?"

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"It was as speedily as I could procure it from the cellar below stairs."

"And that strong wine, given in the nick of time, reassembled nature's scattered forces, and rekindled the flame of life. Upon my soul, sweet young lady, I believe thou hast saved him! All the drugs in Bucklersbury could do no more. And now tell me what symptoms you have noted since you have watched by his bed; and tell me further if you have strength to continue his nurse, with such precautions as I shall dictate, and such help as I can send you in the shape of a stout, honest serving-wench of mine, and a man to guard the lower part of your house, and fetch and carry for you?"

"I will do everything you bid me, with all my heart, and with such skill as I can command."

"Those delicate fingers were formed to minister to the sick. And you will not shrink from loathsome offices—from the application of cataplasmas, from cleansing foul sores? Those blains and boils upon that poor body will need care for many days to come."

"I will shrink from nothing that may be required for his benefit. I should love to go on nursing him, were it only for my sister's sake. How sorry she would feel to be so far from him, could she but know of his sickness."

"Yes, I believe Lady Fareham would be sorry," answered the physician with a dry little laugh; "though there are not many married ladies about Rowley's Court of whom I would diagnose as much."

"The servant I send you will bring meat and all needed herbs for making a strong broth, with which you will feed the patient once an hour. There are many who hold with the boiling of gold in such broth, but I will not enter upon the merits of aurum potabile as a fortifier. I take it that in this case you will find beef and mutton serve your turn. I shall send you from my own larder as much beef as will suffice for to-night's use, and to-morrow your servant must go to the place where the country people sell their goods, butcher's meat, poultry and garden-stuff; for the butchers shops of London are nearly all closed, and people scant contagion in any intercourse with their fellow citizens. You will have therefore to look to the country people for your supplies; but of all this my own man will give you information. So now, good night, sweet young lady. It is on the stroke of nine. Before eleven you shall have those who will help and protect you. Meanwhile you had best go downstairs with me, and lock and bolt the great door leading into the garden, which I found ajar."

"There is the door facing the river, too, by which I entered."

"Ay, that should be barred also. Keep a good heart, madam. Before eleven you shall have a sturdy watchman on the premises."

It was past eleven before the expected succor arrived, and in the interval Lord Fareham had awakened once, and had swallowed a composing draught, having apparently but little consciousness of the hand that administered it. At twenty minutes past eleven Angela heard the bell ring, and ran blithely down the now familiar staircase to open the garden door, outside which she found a middle-aged woman and a tall sturdy young man, each carrying a bundle. These were the nurse and the watchman sent by Dr. Hodgkin. The woman gave Angela a slip of paper from the doctor, by way of introduction.

"You will find Bridget Basset a worthy woman, and able to turn her hand to anything; and Thomas Stokes is an honest serviceable youth, whom you may trust upon the premises, till some of his lordship's servants can be sent from Chilton Abbey, where I take it there is a large staff."

She made her arrangements promptly and decisively. Mrs. Basset was to stay all night with her in the patient's chamber, with such needful intervals of rest as each might take without leaving the sick-room; and Stokes was first to see to the fastening of the various basement doors, and to assure himself that there was no one hidden either in the cellars or on the ground floor; also to examine all upper chambers, and lock all doors; and was then to make himself a bed in a dressing closet adjoining Lord Fareham's chamber, and was to lie there in his clothes, ready to help at any hour of the night, should help be wanted.

And so began Angela's first night-watch by the bedside of her brother-in-law, the man whom she had pictured to herself so vividly as she read of him in her sister's letters, the uncouth soldier whose character seemed to stand out with a gloomy force from the frivolous intrigues and childish vanities of palace and drawing-room.

Those dark eyes had never looked upon her with the light of reason. Would he ever so look? Would he ever be more to her than a plague-stricken sufferer, or was this sick room only the ante-chamber to the grave?

CHAPTER VI.

BETWEEN LONDON AND OXFORD

Three nights and days had gone since Angela first set her foot upon the threshold of Fareham House, and in all that time she had not once gone out into the great city, where dismal silence reigned by day and night, save for the hideous cries of the men with the dead carts, calling to the inhabitants of the infected houses to bring out their dead, and roaring their awful summons with as automatic a monotony as if they had been hawking some

common necessary of life—a dismal cry that was but occasionally varied by the hollow tones of a Puritan fanatic stalking, gaunt and half-clad, along the Strand, and shouting some sentence of fatal bode from the Hebrew prophets; just as before the siege of Titus there walked through the streets of Jerusalem one who cried, "Woe to the wicked city!" and whose voice could not be stopped but by death.

In those three days and nights the foulest symptoms of the contagion were subjugated; and those horrible blains and sores which were the most loathsome features of this corruption were put in the way of healing. But the ravages of the disease had left the patient in a state of weakness which bordered on death; and his nurses were full of apprehension lest the shattered forces of his constitution should fail even in the hour of recovery. The violence of the fever was abated, and the delirium had become intermittent, while there were hours in which the sufferer was conscious and reasonable, and in those periods of reason he would faint have talked with Angela more than her anxiety would allow.

He was full of wonder at her presence in that house; and when he had been told who she was, he wanted to know how and why she had come there; by what happy accident, by what interposition of Providence, she had been sent to save him from a hideous death.

"I should have died but for you," he said; "I should have lain here in my corruption, fouler than dead men in a charnel-house, till the cart fetched my putrid carcass. I should be rotting in one of their plague-pits yonder, behind the old Abbey."

Angela put her fingers on her lip, and with the other hand drew the silken coverlet over the sick man's shoulder.

She had a strong desire to explore that city of which she had yet seen so little, and her patient was now arrived at a state of his disorder when it was best for him to be tempted to prolonged slumbers by silence and solitude, she put on her hood and gloves and went out alone to see the horrors of the deserted streets, of which nurse Basset had given her so appalling a picture.

It was four o'clock, and the afternoon was at its hottest; the blue of a cloudless sky was reflected in the blue of the silent river, where instead of the flotilla of gaily painted wherries, the procession of gilded barges, the music and song, the ceaseless traffic of court and city, there was only the faint ripple of the stream, or here and there a solitary barque creeping slowly down the tide with ineffectual sail flapping in the sultry atmosphere.

No words could paint the desolation which reigned between the Strand and Whitechapel in that fatal summer, now drawing towards its melancholy close. More than once in her brief pilgrimage Angela drew back, shuddering, from the embrasure of a door, or the inlet to some narrow alley, at sight of death lying on the threshold, stiff, stark, unheeded; more than once in her progress from the New Exchange to St. Paul's, she heard the shrill wail of women lamenting for a soul just departed. Death was about and around her. The great bell of the cathedral tolled with an inexorable stroke in the summer stillness, as it had tolled every day through those long months of heat and drought and ever-growing fear, and ever-thickening graves.

Eastward there rose the red glare of a great fire, and she feared that some of the old wooden houses in the narrower streets were blazing, but on enquiry of a solitary foot passenger, she learnt that this fire was one of many which had been burning for three days, at street corners and in open spaces, at a great expense of sea coal, with the hope of purifying the atmosphere and dispersing poisonous gases—but that so far no amelioration had followed upon this outlay and labor. She came presently to a junction of roads near the Fleet ditch, and saw the huge coal fire flaming with a sickly glare in the sunshine, tended by a lean and spectral figure, half-clad and hungry-looking, to whom she gave an alms; and at this juncture of ways a great peril awaited her, for there sprang as it were out of the very ground, so quickly did they assemble from neighboring courts and alleys, a throng of mendicants, who clustered around her, with filthy hands outstretched, and shrill voices imploring charity. So wasted were their half-naked limbs, so ghastly and livid their countenances, that they might have all been plague-patients, and Angela recoiled from them in horror.

"Keep your distance, for pity's sake, good friends, and I shall give you all the money I carry," she exclaimed, and there was something of command in her voice and aspect, as she stood before them, straight and tall, with pale, earnest face.

They fell off a little way and waited till she scattered the contents of her purse—small Flemish coins, upon the ground in front of her, where they scrambled for it, snarling and scuffling each other like dogs fighting for a bone.

Full of pity and of gravest, saddest thoughts, the lonely girl walked through the lonely town to that part of the city where the streets were narrowest, a labyrinth of lanes and alleys, with a church-tower or steeple rising up amidst the crowded dwellings at almost every point to which the eye looked. Angela wondered at the sight of so many fine churches in this heretical land. Many of these city churches were left open in this day of wrath, so that unhappy souls who had a mind to pray might go in at will, and kneel there. Angela peered in at an old church

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STORIES—by Chas. Gordon Rogers, and Stuart Livingstone.
POEMS—by Bliss Carman, and J. W. Bengough.
ARMENIAN ATROCITIES—by Principal Caven, (illustrated.)
RUGBY FOOTBALL—an illustrated article, E. S. Glascow.
THE TRANSVAAL—(Illustrated,) by J. D. Patterson, who has recently travelled extensively in South Africa.
"JOKOSERIA"—J. W. Bengough's own department.
DEPARTMENT EDITORS—Edward Farer; M. M. Kilpatrick; Frederic W. Falls, and others.
ARTISTS—The work of seven different Artists in this number.

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in a narrow court, holding the door a little way ajar, and looking along the cold gray nave. All was gloom and silence, save for a monotonous and suppressed murmur of one invisible worshiper in a pew near the altar, who varied his supplicatory mutterings with long-drawn sighs.

She wandered through the maze of streets

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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and lanes, sometimes coming back unawares to a street she had lately traversed, till at last she came to a church that was not silent, for through the open door she heard a voice within preaching or praying. She hesitated for a few minutes on the threshold, having been taught that it was a sin to enter a Protestant temple; and then something within her, some new sense of independence and revolt against old traditions, moved her to enter, and take her place quietly in one of the curious wooden boxes where the sparse congregation were seated, listening to a man in a Geneva gown, who was preaching in a tall oaken pulpit, surmounted by a massive sounding-board, and furnished with a crimson velvet cushion, which the preacher used with great effect during his discourse, now folding his arms upon it and leaning forward to argue familiarly with his flock, now stretching a long lean arm above it to point a denouncing finger at the sinners below, anon belaboring it severely in the passion of his eloquence.

He preached of Christ the Saviour with a fulness and a force which were new to Angela. He held up that commanding, that touching image unobscured by any other personality. All those surrounding figures which Angela had seen crowded around the godlike form, all those sufferings and virtues of the spotless mother of God were ignored in that impassioned oration. The preacher held up Christ crucified, Him only, as the fountain of pity and pardon. He reduced Christianity to its simplest elements, primitive as when the memory of the godman was yet fresh in the minds of those who had seen the divine countenance and listened to the divine voice; and Angela felt as she had never felt before the singleness and purity of the Christian's faith.

It was the day of hour-long sermons, when a preacher who measured his discourse by the sands of an hour glass was deemed moderate. Among the Nonconformists there were those who turned the glass, and let the flood of eloquence flow on far into the second hour. The old man had been preaching a long time when Angela awoke as from a dream and remembered that sick chamber where duty called her. She left the church quietly and hurried westward, guided chiefly by the sun, till she found herself once more in the Strand; and very soon afterwards she was ringing the bell at the chief entrance of Fareham House. She returned far more depressed in spirits than she went out, for all the horror of the plague-stricken city was upon her; and, fresh from the spectacle of death, she felt less hopeful of Lord Fareham's recovery.

Thomas Stokes opened the great door to admit that one modest figure, a door which looked as if it should open only to noble visitors, to a procession of courtiers and court beauties, in the fitful light of wind-blown torches. Thomas, when interrogated, was not cheerful in his account of the patient's health during Angela's absence. My lord had been strangely disordered; Mrs. Bassett had found the fever increasing and was afeared the gentleman was relapsing.

Angela's heart ached at the thought. The preacher had dwelt on the sudden alternations of the disease, how apparent recovery was sometimes the precursor of death. She hurried up the stairs, and through the seemingly endless suite of rooms which nobody wanted, which never might be inhabited again perhaps, except by bats and owls, to his lordship's chamber, and found him sitting up in bed, with his eyes fixed on the door by which she entered.

"At last!" he cried. "Why did you inflict such torturing apprehensions upon me? This woman has been telling me of the horrors of the streets where you have been; and I figured you stricken suddenly with that foul malady, creeping into some deserted alley to expire uncared for, dying with your head upon a stone, lying there to be carried off by the dead coach. You must not leave this house again, save for the coach that shall carry you to Oxfordshire to join Hyacinth and her children—and that coach shall start to-morrow. I am a madman to have let you stay so long in this infected house."

"You forgot that I am plague-proof," she answered, throwing off hood and cloak, and going to his bedside, to the chair in which she had spent many hours watching by him and praying for him.

No, there was no relapse. He had only been restless and uneasy because of her absence. The disease was conquered, the pest-spots were healing fairly, and his nurses had only to contend against the weakness and depression which seemed but the natural sequence of the malady.

Dr. Hodgkin was satisfied with his patient's progress. He had written to Lady Fareham, advising her to send some of her servants with horses for his lordship's coach, and to provide for relays of post-horses between London and Oxfordshire, a matter of easier accomplishment than it would have been in the earlier summer, when all the quality were flying to the country, and post-horses were at a premium. Now there were but few people of rank or standing who had the courage to stay in town, like the Archbishop, who had not left Lambeth, or the stout old Duke of Albermarle, at the cockpit, who feared the pestilence no more than he feared sword or cannon.

Two of his lordship's lackeys, and his Oxfordshire major-domo, and clerk of the kitchen, arrived a week after Angela's landing, bringing loving letters from Hyacinth to her husband and sister. The physician had so written as not to scare the wife. She had been told that her husband had been ill, but was in a fair way to recovery, and would post to Oxfordshire as soon as he was strong enough for the journey, carrying his sister-in-law with him, and lying at the accustomed inn at High Wickham, or perchance resting two nights and spending three days upon the road.

The pestilence had passed by, and they went out in the sunshine, in the freshness of a September morning, balmy, yet cool, with a scent of flowers from the gardens of Lambeth and Banksy blowing across the river.

The family couch was almost as big as a house, and afforded ample room for the convalescent to recline at his ease on one seat, while Angela and the steward, a confidential servant with the manners of a courtier, sat side by side upon the other.

They had the two spaniels with them, Puck

and Ganymede, silky-haired little beasts, black and tan, with bulging foreheads, crowded with intellect, pug noses so short as hardly to count for nose, goggle eyes that expressed shrewdness, greediness and affection. Puck snuggled cosily in the soft laces of his lordship's shirt; Ganymede sat and blinked at the sunshine from Angela's lap. Both snarled at Mr. Manningtree, the steward, and resented the slightest familiarity on his part.

The next evening they were within half a dozen miles of Oxford before the sun was low. They drove by a level road that skirted the river; and now, for the first time, Angela saw that river flowing placidly through a rural landscape, the rich green of marshy meadows in the foreground, and low wooded hills on the opposite bank, while midway across the stream an islet covered with reed and willow cast a shadow over the rosy water painted by the western sun.

"Are we near them now?" she asked eagerly, knowing that her brother-in-law's mansion lay within a few miles of Oxford.

"We are very near," answered Fareham; "I can see the chimneys and the white stone pillars of the great gate."

He had his head out of the carriage, looking onward, shading his eyes with his big skin gauntlet as he looked. Those two days on the road, the fresh autumn air, the generous diet, the variety and movement of the journey, had made a new man of him, lean and gaunt he must needs be for some time to come; but the dark face was no longer bloodless; the eyes had the fire of health.

"I see the gate—and there is more than that in view!" he cried excitedly. "Your sister is coming in a troop to meet us, with her children, and visitors, and servants. Stop the coach, Manningtree, and let us out."

The postboys pulled up their horses, and the steward opened the coach door and assisted his master to alight. Fareham's footsteps were somewhat uncertain as he walked slowly along the waste grass by the roadside, leaning a little upon Angela's shoulder.

Lady Fareham came running towards them in advance of children and friends, an airy figure in blue and white, her fair hair flying in the wind, her arms stretched out as if to greet them from afar. She clasped her sister to her breast even before she saluted her husband, clasped her and kissed her, laughing between the kisses.

"Welcome, my escaped nun," she cried. "I never thought they would let thee out of thy prison, or that thou wouldst muster courage to break thy bonds. Welcome, and a hundred times welcome. And that thou shouldst have saved my lord's life! Oh, the wonder of it! While I, within a hundred miles of him, knew not that he was ill, here didst thou come across seas to save him! Why, 'tis a modern fairy tale."

"And she is the good fairy," said Fareham, taking his wife's face between his two hands and bending down to kiss the white forehead under its cloud of pale golden curls, "and you must cherish her for all the rest of your life. But for her I should have died alone in that great gaudy house, and the rats would have eaten me, and then perhaps you would have cared no longer for the mansion, and would have had to build another further west, by my Lord Clarendon's, where all the fine folks are going, and that would have been a pity."

"Oh, Fareham, do not begin with the irony-stop! I know all your organ tones, from the tenor of your kindness to the boudoir of your displeasure. Do you think I am not glad to have you here safe and sound? Do not think I have not been miserable about you since I knew of your sickness! Monsieur de Malfort will tell you whether I have been unhappy or not."

"Why, Malfort! What wind blew hither at this perilous season, when Englishmen are going abroad for fear of the pestilence, and when your friend St. Evremond has fled from the beauties of Oxford to the malodorous sewers and fusty flats of the Netherlands?"

"I had no fear of the contagion, and I wanted to see my friends. I am in lodgings in Oxford, where there is almost as much good company as there ever was at Whitehall."

The Comte de Malfort and Fareham clasped hands with a cordiality which bespeaks old friendship; and it was only an instinctive recoil on the part of the Englishman which spared him his friend's kisses. They had lived in camps and in courts together, these two, and had much in common, and much that was antipathetic in temperament and habits. Malfort, lazy and luxurious, when there was no fighting on hand; a man whose one business, when not under canvas, was to surpass everybody else in the fashion and folly of the hour, to be quite the finest gentleman in whatever company he found himself.

The children hung upon their father, Papillon on one side, Cupid on the other, and it was in them rather than in her sister's friend that Angela was interested. The girl resembled her mother only in the grace and flexibility of her slender form, the quickness of her movements, and the vivacity of her speech. Her hair and eyes were dark, like her father's, and her coloring was that of a brunette, with something of a pale bronze under the delicate carmine of her cheeks. The boy favored his mother, and was worthy of the sobriquet Rochester had bestowed upon him. His blue eyes, chubby cheeks, cherry lips, and golden hair, were like the typical Cupid of Rubens, and might be seen repeated *ad libitum* on the ceiling of the Banqueting House.

"I'll warrant this is all flummery," said Fareham, looking down at the girl as she hung upon him. "Thou art not glad to see me."

"I am so glad that I could eat you, as the giant would have eaten Jack," answered the girl, leaping up to kiss him, her hair flying back like a dark cloud, her active legs struggling for freedom in her long brocade petticoat.

"And you are not afraid of the contagion?"

"Afraid! Why, I wanted mother to take me to you as soon as I heard you were ill."

"Well, I have been smoke-dried and pickled in strong waters, until Dr. Hodgkin accounts me safe, or I would not come nigh thee. See, sweetheart, this is your aum, whom you are to love next best to your mother."

"But not so well as you, sir. You are first," said the child, and then turned to Angela and held up her rosebud mouth to be kissed. "You

saved my father's life," she said. "If you ever want anybody to die for you let it be me."

"Gud! what a delicate wit. The sweet child is positively tuant," exclaimed a young lady, who was strolling beside them, and whom Lady Fareham had not taken the trouble to introduce by name to any one, but who was now accounted for as a country neighbor, Mrs. Dorothy Lettsome.

Angela was watching her brother-in-law as they sauntered along, and she saw that the fatigue and agitation of this meeting were beginning to affect him. He was carrying his hat in one hand, while the other caressed Papillon. There were beads of perspiration on his forehead, and his steps began to drag a little. Happily the coach had kept a few paces in their rear, and Manningtree was walking beside it; so Angela proposed that his lordship should resume his seat in the vehicle and drive on to his house, while she went on foot with her sister.

"I must go with his lordship," cried Papillon, and leapt into the coach before her father.

Hyacinth put her arm through Angela's and led her slowly along the grassy walk to the great gates, the Frenchman and Mrs. Lettsome following, and unversed as the convent-bred girl was to the ways of this particular world, she could nevertheless perceive that in the conversation between these two, M. de Malfort was amusing himself at the expense of his fair companion. His own English was by no means despicable, as he had spent more than a year at the Embassy immediately after the Restoration, to say nothing of his constant intercourse with the Farehams and other English exiles in France; but he was encouraging the young lady to talk to him in French, which was spoken with an affected drawl, that was even more ridiculous than its errors in grammar.

(To be Continued.)

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Puddin' on Airs.

A Bunch of German Jokes.

Translated from Fliegende Blätter.

"In what do you find fault with the Baroness?"

"Frankly, her past."

"Her past! I can assure you her past is without a stain."

"I have no doubt of that, but it is quite too long to suit me."

Governess (in French lesson)—Olga, translate "My cousin Arthur is devoted to me."

Pupil (quickly)—Ah, Fraulein, his name is Max.

Lady of the House—Yes, the circumstances of a man's family life have a great deal to do with his art.

Caller—Of course. I know an artist who only painted landscapes before he was married. Now he produces only battle-scenes.

Young Poet (to editor)—Well, what feeling did you experience in reading my work?

Editor—Two souls and one thought.

Some Mirror Superstitions.

HEINRICH HEINE, who had a particularly nice and discriminating taste in ghosts, and who studied with such delicate pleasure the darkly woven fancies of German superstition and folk-lore, frankly admitted that to see his own face by moonlight in a mirror thrilled him with indefinable horror. Most of us who are blessed, or burdened, with imaginations, have shared at moments in this curious fear of that smooth, shining piece of glass, which at dusk, at night, by lamplight, or under the white, insinuating moonbeams, seems to hold within itself some power mysterious and malign.

This mistrust of the ghostly mirror is so old and so far-spread that we meet with it in the folk-lore of every land. An English tradition warns us that the new moon, which brings us such good fortune when we look at it in the calm evening sky, carries a message of evil to those who see it first reflected in a looking-glass. For such unlucky mortals, it is said that the lunar virus distills slow poison and corroding care. The child, who is suffered to see his or her own image in a mirror before he or she is a year old, is marked out, it is asserted, for trouble and many disappointments. And, again, it is declared that the friends who

glance at their reflections standing side by

side are doomed to quick dissension. In Scandinavia, the Swedish girl who looks into her glass by candle-light is told that she risks the loss of her lover. One superstition in this connection, that seems to be almost universal, is that it is very unlucky for a bride to see herself in a mirror after her toilet is completed. If she be discreet, she will turn away from that fair picture, which pleases her so well, and then draw on her gloves or have some tiny ribbon, flower, or jewel fastened to her gown, that the sour fates may be appeased and evil turned away from her threshold.

The Ottawa Crisis is now a thing of history, the bolters having returned. Sir Charles Tupper and Sir MacKenzie Bowell have smoked the pipe of peace, which is said to have been filled with Westminster fine cut tobacco from G. W. Muller's Cigar and Tobacco Palace, 9 King street west.

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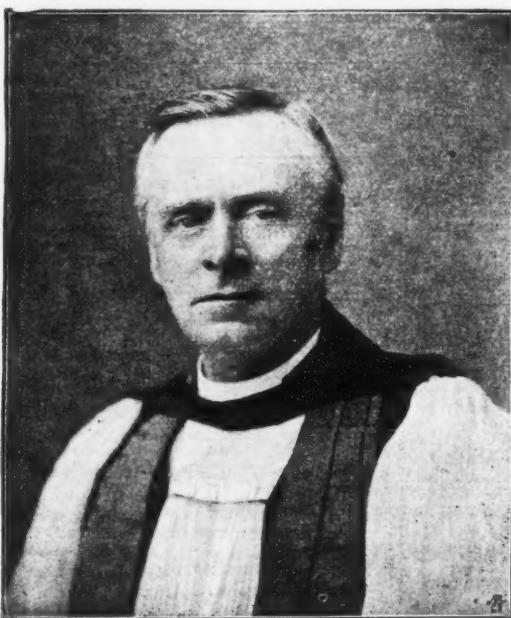
Points About People.

A FRENCH writer in speaking of the late M. Floquet recalls the occasion when he pleaded before the High Court of Tours as counsel for the Noir family against Prince Pierre Bonaparte. He boldly attacked the Empire, and this required courage. M. Laurier was the other counsel on the same side, and one involuntarily thinks of our own Laurier as his French namesake is described: "M. Laurier had consummate talent in expressing between lines what he hardly dared say openly. He teased Pierre Bonaparte just as a banderillero teases a bull at a bull fight. The princely prisoner several times tried to jump out of the dock to throttle him. Floquet and Laurier set off one another. The honesty and courage of the former made one thrill; the perfidy and cleverness of the latter were deliciously amusing." The moral of the thing lies in the fact that it was the man who showed open courage in that eventful trial who afterward became a national figure; "consummate talent" in innuendo and "perfidy and cleverness" of speech are cheaper attributes or accomplishments than courage.



Mr. R. Wilson Smith.

The Right Reverend Frederic Courtney, fifth bishop of Nova Scotia, was born in Devonshire, England, about sixty years ago. Ordained at an early age to the priesthood of the Church of England, he served as curate at Hadlow, Kent, and Plymouth, Devonshire, and from 1870 to '76 as Incumbent of a Glasgow church. Coming to the States in the last named year he served in the cities of New York, Chicago and Boston, at which latter place he did a splendid work as rector of St. Paul's. In 1888 he was elected to the historic see of Nova Scotia, the first



Right Reverend Frederic Courtney.

colonial bishopric established in the British Empire, whose first occupant, Dr. Charles Inglis, was appointed by government in 1787. The diocese of Nova Scotia includes the Province of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island and Prince Edward Island, and has an area of about thirty thousand square miles and a population (approximately) of a little over six hundred thousand. Halifax is the See city, where the bishop resides. Bishop Courtney is a man of fine presence and commanding eloquence. Without drawing any invidious comparisons he may fairly be called in his own particular style the foremost pulpit orator in the Church of England in Canada today. With his almost faultless enunciation and delivery, his simple yet massive and forceful style of oratory and the minor adjuncts of pronunciation, tone and personal appearance, Mr. Courtney has few rivals and certainly no superiors among the couple of hundred Anglican prelates scattered throughout the English-speaking world. He is a man of great liberality, and may perhaps be described as an evangelical broad churchman. But he is very tolerant of all shades of opinion among his clergy, and never interferes with any good man who is honestly doing his duty according to his light. Although no longer young he is full of physical energy, and he does not look his age by many years. In every respect he stands in the very front rank of Canadian ecclesiastics.

Among the notable benefactions of John T. Spaulding, who died in Boston last week, was the education of Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind girl. Some years ago he gave thirty thousand dollars to seven young men employed at the United States Hotel. The story of this was published all over the world and brought him begging letters from even the Russian steppes. On holidays he was in the habit of filling his trousers pockets with five-dollar gold pieces and then going around distributing them among the porters who had done him little kindnesses. He wired a ruined merchant before the flames of the big Chicago fire were extinguished: "Draw on us for one hundred

thousand dollars." The then ruined man is to-day one of the wealthiest men in Chicago.

The new Mayor of Montreal had paid him the very singular compliment of election by acclamation. Mr. R. Wilson-Smith is a financier, a man of large fortune and undoubted ability. Toronto people heard much of him in connection with the recent sale of city bonds, and again when he was elected to the vice-presidency of the Toronto Street Railway Company on the retirement of Mr. Everett last month. The accompanying portrait is a good one, and shows Mr. Wilson-Smith to be a man with a fine head and abundant vitality. It is expected that he will do for Montreal what it was proposed that Mr. E. B. Oser would do for Toronto when that gentleman was persuaded to stand for Mayor of this city a few years ago—master the ins and outs of its complicated finances. Montreal needs the services of Mr. Wilson-Smith even more than

Confidential Letters to Young Men.

No. 2—The Masses and the Classes.

EAR YOUNG MEN.—It pleased me to find that my opening letter attracted your attention. Of course there is truth in your remark that what young men want nowadays is not good advice but backing for their notes, yet a thorough pupil of mine will find no difficulty in floating his notes. "Good advice," so called, is a recipe for failure in this world, given usually by one who has proven the efficacy of the formula. Give it freely to others, but take none yourself. I am instructing you in the truths known of all men yet never prated of—am laying bare the nerves of action, the impulse that guides successful men—imparting to you the knowledge hoarded in the souls of all rich men, so that in youth you may know what life would surely teach you in course of years. "Be great and let who will be good." Remember that a very little goodness in a great man is of more service to the world than a lot of goodness in an obscure man. If you should fail in your efforts to be great it will be very easy to fall back upon goodness as your specialty, and so, viewed from any point, it is better to seek greatness.

In these winter days men are clamoring for work or bread in all the large cities. In these winter evenings, under brilliant lights, to the richest of music, in an atmosphere of luxury, men and women are dancing and promenading in all the large cities. A young man occupies central ground and may join either party, may figure in either picture.

See the man who has devoted his life to the forwarding of reforms which will uplift the masses. Observe his shabby garb, his restless eye; enquire and learn of the precarious nature of his livelihood. Note that he never gets into Parliament or office of any kind—see, he starts a newspaper that the masses will not support; that he publishes books that the masses will not buy; but he delivers lectures that the masses will not attend. See Labor nominate his candidates for Parliament and see the candidates beaten time after time.

See the other man standing radiant in the open window thanking the cheering mob for electing him to Parliament. Who is he? How did he win the favor of the masses that they cheer so? He began as a youth to take care of himself; built up his business and made money; he cultivated useful friends, kept clear of fads and offences, until, rich enough for relaxation, he told some of his friends that he was ready for Parliament. These mentioned him in the lobby of a convention in tones of delight; the word went around; he got the nomination; he was elected triumphantly, for the masses fought and bled each other's noses in their eagerness to vote for the prominent gentleman who had been "induced" to run. It is your duty, then, to despise the masses for they are despicable. The less concern you show in them and the less they know you of, the surer you are of their support when you need their votes.

The armed force by which the classes once governed is no longer available, but as the barons used to enlist yeomen into service to harry and oppress other yeomen, so it is to-day. Get rich. You can then control everything with the brute force of the ballot. You won't have to buy the votes. That is only a legend. The poor will by preference vote for a rich man, for there is in them an instinct of servitude.

So order your conduct, then, that you may benefit from the labor of the poor, the money of the rich and the favor of the influential.

Free trade is charming in the eyes of poets and farmers. Beware of it. Study political economy so that you will know Protection to be unsound; get your self interests protected in the tariff so that you will know it is sound in specific cases. The main thing in politics is not principle, but interest. If you are a protectionist on principle, the Government may expect you to forego your self-interests.

Single Tax is advocated by those who failed in the scramble for land and those who are faint-hearted. These people won't go west as our fathers did; they envy the pioneer his reward. Keep clear of these idle and pestiferous agitators. Henry George is their leader. What ailed Henry? In a nutshell, he came on the scene too late. Had he arrived in New York when John Jacob Astor did he would have bought up all the corner lots as the Astor did. He moped and moaned over the corner-lot matter until in chagrin he hatched the Single Tax. He would trade it for the Astor lots to-morrow if he could. Anyhow, the Astors won't trade.

But should you have faith in Henry George as a teacher, mark this well and believe it against his precepts, that he is one of those who has been beaten at the polls in a contest for office—the masses preferring to vote for a rich gentleman. If, instead of wasting his rare brain tissue in championing the cause of the poor, Mr. George had organized a combine and grown rich, he could have been Mayor of New York. Don't accept as a teacher a man who has failed in his own ventures. Take my advice, be prosperous and the rabble will trot at your heels.

Trust your fortunes on the side of interests rather than principles. Never interfere with a man who enjoys special advantages at the expense of the general public, unless by so doing you can usurp the advantages of which you deprive him. If you stir up the public to a realization of one case of plunder, your own enterprises may be inspected. A few years ago you used to jump upon farmers'

the Ship of the Desert.

La Famille.

We are told that there is only one quadruped in the world that cannot swim, viz., the camel.

When it falls into the water it turns over feet upwards and is drowned.

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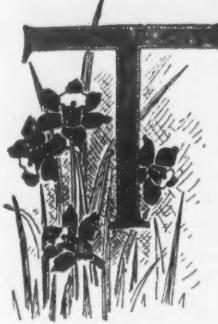
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concern

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Closed Door.

DAWN.



THE door of No. 94 was wide open—someone was moving in. It was whispered about among the neighbors that a young couple were going to "set up house-keeping" in the plain, unpretentious house that had awaited a tenant for some time. "No. 94" was a red brick, two-story edifice, with washed-out green shutters and a high stoop, with three rather steep steps quite destitute of ornamentation. Two wagon-loads of inexpensive furniture were unloaded and carried into the house, their delivery being carefully superintended by the new tenant. Next day, amid the sunshine and glory of June, "She" came, smiling, happy, the face reflecting the beauty of the summer day, and "He" radiant with the same happiness. They went in, the door closed after them. It was the dawn of a new life. They were very busy in their new nest, these two. "She" tacked up the blinds and arranged white dimity curtains with praiseworthy industry. "He" helped her all his evenings to tack down the carpets, as the neighbors well knew, noting the sound of a busy hammer. They were very happy; they loved each other dearly, in the good old-fashioned way, for it is many years since this couple "set up housekeeping" in that modest red brick house in the quiet street—their little world, when, "for better and for worse," they entered fearlessly into the dawn.

MORNING.

By and by a baby face smiled at the window, and the dimly curtains were pushed far back to let him see the street, as he cooed and laughed at the passers-by, and the neighbors smiled at the baby as the happy little mother danced him up and down; then he learned to toddle down the street all alone to meet his father. What a proud day that was for both of them.

NOON.

Children ran hastily out of "No. 94" when the school-bell rang, they skipped and spun tops on the sidewalk after school hours and played games in the little back-yard. Four, five, six, at last there were seven of them, and "She" was always busy. "He" lost his elastic step, looked worried, and worked late at nights. Seven mouths to feed, seven little feet to shoe, seven little bodies to clothe; but "He" worked and "She" planned and sewed, always cheerful, always looking on the bright side of things. Then one day there was a cradle on the door, and neighbors knew that the baby was dead and that there were only six to care for. But they missed "No. 7" just as much as if he had been the only one. Strange to say, he never really seemed to leave them. Stranger still, he was always to them the dearest one of all.

AFTERNOON.

The children were grown up. "She" sat by the window frequently and often went out. The house was painted; a smart veranda took the place of the little plain stoop; even an addition was built to the house. In the evenings the gas burned brightly in the front parlor, the bell rang frequently, and strange steps were heard in the hall. Men said that "He" was a successful man, as men go, and wondered which of the daughters would be married first. Then one by one three pretty brides left the old home, then a boy took to the sea, then another left to seek his fortunes in a far-away city, then the last boy joined him. The six birds had all left the nest. "She" and "He" were left alone.

EVENING.

They were not so lonely as might have been expected. As I said, they loved each other in the good old-fashioned way. They made a little garden in the yard, that had been given up for so many years to playful, restless children's feet. "She" watched for the postman every day eagerly, and they read the letters that he brought together, with many a comment on the changed times, the new ideas of the new generation. "He" read aloud to her while she knitted. They visited the little grave in the churchyard quite often. "She" said the baby seemed nearer to them now, and "He" agreed with her. Hand in hand they were going downhill—a pleasant, grass-covered, daisy-decked hill, devoid (thanks to "His" early industry and "Her" thrift) of the sharp stones of straitened means.

Then "She" left "He" and slept the last long sleep by the baby that died so long ago.

NIGHT.

It was not a long night. God is very merciful and "He" waited very patiently. A day came, none too soon for "He," when he lay and watched his last sunset, and just at the gray dawn he thought "He" heard "Her" voice beside "He."

Then a funeral procession went its way to where "She" and the Baby waited. It was not a long procession. Many of his old friends and neighbors had gone before him. He was a good old man, and had been a clever hard-working fellow in his day, the few said who attended the funeral. Desolate and lonely the old house stood as the little funeral wound its way slowly up the street. It turned the corner—someone came and shut the door.

FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

Sunday in New York.

Washington Post

Sunday is so well observed in New York that about the only thing one can get in that town on that day is a biff over the head with a sandbag.

Ideas are Unpopular.

Indianapolis Journal

First Boss—I don't believe it will do to run Billiger for the legislature. These one-idea men aren't much good.

Second Boss—Guess you are right. Man with an idea is sure to have enemies.

Mother of Nations.

"Britannia needs no bulwark
No tow'rs along the seep."

WITH trident, shield and helmed head,
The lion at her feet,
Britannia seated, rules the waves

Where sounding billows beat.

She, girl with ocean—round the world
Marks how her sons increase,
Bear in the van her flag unfurled,
And spread the arts of peace.

A thousand years, her sacred fanes
Have pointed to the sky
And 'neath the stones, God rest their bones,
Long generations lie.

And many a son, his duty done,
Struck down in foreign clime,
Hears through the smoke and sabre stroke,
The far off village chime.

The shackles falls from off the slave,
Enough for him to know,
Above his head her banners wave,
To hear her bugles blow.

Undaunted she has stood alone;
Her direst foe was he
Who cowed a continent—to own
Her mistress of the sea.

Mother of mighty nations she,
And nations yet to be;
When rolling years, through hopes and fears,
Fulfil her destiny.

Dare then a Kaiser, King, or Khan,
Lay hand on her domain?
Regnant, erect, superb, she stands,
And curbs her lion's strain.

Along the shore a rumbling roar
From out the mighty throat,
It rolls from Antrim down to Cork,
The Lizard to O'Groat.

Ho, Englishmen! Ho, Irishmen!
Ho, Scots! Hark! high and shrill,
The philibegs come swinging down
From every Scottish hill,

And rank by rank her hardy sons
Round her—a triple mall
Are up, and standing to their guns,
The Saxon and the Gael.

Hurrah! she hears the distant cheers
Throughout her empire wide;
Hurrah! They come! Her volunteers,
And let what will betide.

Each British heart indignant grows,
Each arm, an arm of steel,
Come! Have I Kaiser if you will—
Begin your Krieger spel.

Britannia! Rule Britannia! Hail!
The standard is unfurled—
Flag to the peak and drive the nail,
Roll drum-beat 'round the world.

And dark and sullen on the deep
Her fleets in silence lie.
To wake in lurid lightning, flash
With thundered in reply.

Then o'er the sea there rolls a cheer,
The cheer of British crew,
The hoarse deep note, wherever float
Her Englishmen in blue.

Old ocean heaves with solemn roar,
And Neptune hails them back,
My TRIDENT, THREE I GAVE, AND SWORE
WE'LL KEEP THE UNION JACK.

Yet when she parleys, 'tis regret
Within her great heart stirs,
'Tis sadness at a headless threat,
From one whose blood is hers.

Whose sons are sprung from sires she bore,
Who, nurtured at her breast,
Now slumber under mossy stones,
In consecrated rest.

Though nondescripts fierce blasts may blow—
Fan, faronade in ink—
And write of what they do not know,
And only think they think,

What matter! Root from English stock
Has grown a mighty tree, [Rock—
Whose branches—spread from Plymouth
Go back across the sea.

And branch and root, and flower and fruit,
Shall banyan-like expand
And shelter give to all that live
In many another land.

Hail! Thou Columbia, grown apace
Ere taunt from the be flung,
Forget the lineage of thy race,
Forget thy mother tongue.

Winthrop and Hampden, Pym and Penn,
Or English names a host;
In memory dear the pioneer
Repeated on your coast.

You share her worth, would rue her ruth,
Your virtue and her own
Would be impregnable as truth
Where English tongue known.

Tis not where British flag is high,
Or Stars and Stripes are flown,
Defenceless men and women die,
And pity is unknown.

Where shrieks the mother, mad with fear,
Torn from her little child,
The father, writhing in his blood,
The hopeless maid defiled.

For deeds like these did Whittier sing?
For this is Justice blind?
And voiceless we, at what should bring
A blush, to all mankind.

Pledge! Mother Land, beyond the sea,
Pledge! Daughter, in the West,
Together, pledge thy faith in fee,
To rescue the oppressed.

It may be time is coming, when
At bay—and side by side,
You'll see the world o'errun again,
Yet stem the Eastern tide.

"Seek peace—ensue it," be among
All nations in the van.

It may be, then the Mother tongue
Will be the tongue of Man.

Envy ne'er exalts a nation,
Phantom eyes across the brine
Look in mute expostulation,
Hands are touching yours and mine.

Voice, long forgotten, calling
Unto you, come faint and far,
Like the benediction falling,
When the shepherds saw the star.

Spirits whisper that *humanum*
Est errare but divine
Is the peace—the peace of brothers
Even now—as *Auld Lang Syne*.

Toronto, Feb. 4.

QUIVIS.

Why Dore's Art is Popular.

Chicago Post.

A well informed critic claims a high rank for Dore as a painter, yet crowds rush to view his paintings. Why are they popular? Why is melodrama popular? Why do Rider Haggard's and E. P. Rose's tales count more readers than Geo. Meredith's novels? Why are Moody and Sankey's hymns more generally sung than Beethoven's Twelfth Mass? In the first place, because they are understood of the people. In the second place, because they have real merit. Let no one deny picturesqueness to melodrama, or interest to She, or wholesomeness to the popular song or story.

Dore's works have similar qualities. They deal, moreover, with subjects at once the loftiest and the most familiar. Neither Jew, Turk, heretic nor infidel denies the pathos and the sublimity of the gospel story. And it must be said at once that Dore's religious paintings are those which attract attention. His big gambling scene and his various attempts at classic or historic subjects if shown separately would not draw fifty people. But when he bids us "Behold the Man" in the lonely dignity of suffering, mocked by a howling mob; when he sets before us the dark arena, beasts and their victims below, heaven's stars and its angels above; when he pictures what might have been Claudia Procua's vision of Him her husband was to sentence—then he has enlisted with him the whole force of the spectators' imagination.

Figures the size of life necessarily produce a stronger impression of reality than those on a smaller scale. Multiply such on a canvas, represent them all as intent upon one subject and they arouse curiosity as infallibly as a real crowd on the street arouses it. Then give them for the center of interest the fact or the person more widely discussed than any other in human history, and curiosity rises to excitement. Dore has done this. He has done it with a tremendous religious fervor; he has spent thereon all his might if untried imagination; he has made use of every point of dramatic contrast and then he has flooded his scenes with unreal light, or shrouded them in theatrical shadow. Not to be impressed would argue stocks and stones and worse than senseless things.

The attendance on the Dore collection in this city is said to have surpassed that of any known art exhibition ever held anywhere. This is at once flattering and unflattering to the intelligence of our people. It shows that our standard of taste is not so elevated as it might be. It also proves a widespread interest in things of the imagination. Seven thousand of us went in one day to see the Dore collection—as against three thousand in New York or London. Granted that a collection of let us say the English masters or of the French impressionists appeals to a finer aesthetic taste. Has such an exhibition drawn seven thousand anywhere? No. Whistler—was it not remarked of some one that he had "a great deal of taste—all bad"? That is better than having no taste. Perhaps Chicago is much in the same condition. And a very hopeful condition it is; because if the feeling exists it may be rightly developed. As J. C. Van Dyke has said, "Americans, like other people, must learn good art by first admiring bad art." Nor can Dore's work be summarily dismissed as bad art.

After passing three years in Paris, a French student wrote to his father as follows: "I have made up my mind to set to work, dear father; therefore I should like to know whether it was law or medicine that I came to Paris to study."

Not An Agreeable Concession.

HE began it recklessly, defiantly—that weird Grieg melody—but all the while her eyes were dimmed with mists of tears. As he looked up from the evening paper he saw the dejected droop of her shoulders, and he felt the subtle influence of her unpopularity. It pained him through and through, the idea of her being miserable; his teeth closed tightly on the mouthpiece of his meerschaum as he exhaled fiercely through it, making the hot ashes shower his knees and scorch little spots on the paper. As he rose to brush himself after laying pipe and paper on the table, the music was suddenly broken off with a tortuously false chord—then a faint sob broke the stillness.

"Why, dearest!" he exclaimed, going to her.

"You are crying, my little ray of sunshine!

What is it? What have I done? Don't cry! It hurts me."

CHORUS—Here's to the Red Route, etc.

John Bull has sons in many lands, his very blood and bone,

Young giants with their father's face, whom he will never disown:

Their homes are scattered far and wide, but o'er our ocean path,

These sturdy scions come in crowds to cheer the old man's hearth.

CHORUS.

Here's to the Red Route—the right route—our own route!

Round the world from east to west Britons hold the track;

Colony and Motherland,

Grasping each the other's hand:

O'er the sea from strand to strand,

Floats the Union Jack.

To-day they send a cricket team; to-morrow comes a crew,

Intent on showing folk at home what folk abroad can do:

They hold their own in every sport—they run, they ride, they shoot,

And Britain welcomes all who come by Pan-Britannic route."

CHORUS—Here's to the Red Route, etc.

John Bull is glad to see his boys so resolute and bold,

While they rejoice that Father shows no sign of growing old;

What'er their views on other points, on this they all agree—

While Britons hold the ocean they will prosper and be free!

CHORUS—Here's to the Red Route, etc.

Some call John Bull a tradesman, and would gladly steal his trade;

But let them call him what they will, John Bull is not afraid;

He'll fight to keep his commerce, and the victory will be,

For those who hold in peace and war dominion on the sea.

CHORUS.

Here's to the Red Route—the right route—our own route!

Binding us together and defying all attack,

Colonies and Motherland,

Oldest, youngest of the band,

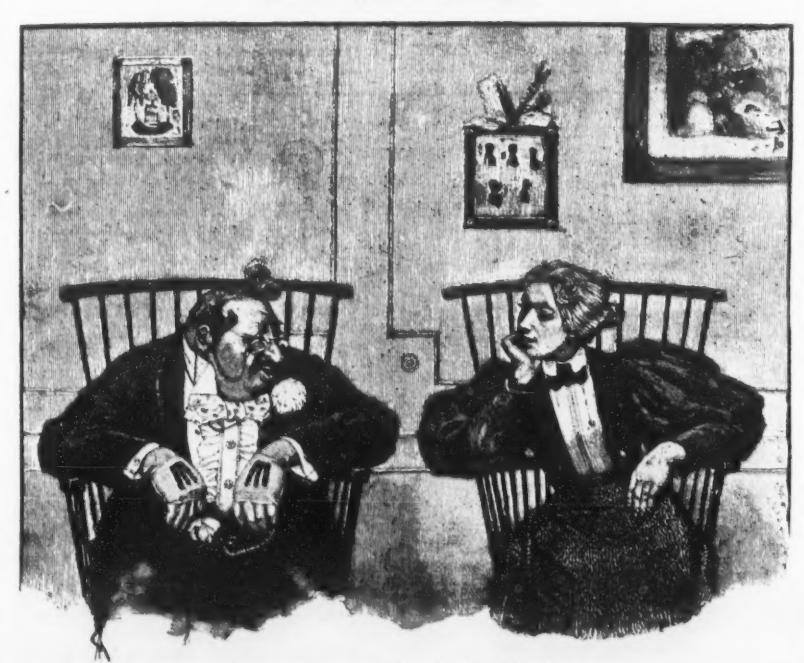
On together, hand in hand,

Never looking back!

It Has Long Been Popular.

"They are now using glass for filling teeth, and it is said to be excellent for the purpose, especially for the front teeth, being less noticeable than gold," says *Current Literature*.

This habit of filling the front teeth with a glass has long been practiced in Toronto, but has never been inexpensive.



Old Dude—Believe me, few people on earth get what they deserve.
Lady Friend—You ought to be glad of that.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS FROM NEW YORK IS

BERMUDA

With its equable temperature. Next sailings Feb. 19, 20. For a 30-day sail arrange your trips to the West Indies and Jamaica in one of the special cruises leaving Feb. 15 or 26. Rates \$150 upward. It is necessary that berths be reserved very early.

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New York—Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and Bremen

Aller.....18 Feb. 10 a.m. Sale.....10 Mar.

Havel.....25 Feb. 11 a.m. Alter.....17 Mar.

Lahn.....3 Mar. Havel.....24 Mar.

New York, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa.

Worms.....Feb. 20) 10 Foids.....Mar. 21) 10

K. Wm. II. (Mar. 7 a.m. Ems.....Mar. 28) 11 a.m.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND AGENCY

79 Yonge Street, Toronto.

AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON (London—Paris)

New York.....Feb. 12, 11 a.m. St. Paul.....Mar. 11, 11 a.m.

St. Paul.....Feb. 19, 11 a.m. Paris.....Mar. 18, 11 a.m.

Paris.....Feb. 26, 11 a.m. New York.....Mar. 25, 11 a.m.

New York.....Mar. 4, 11 a.m. Paris.....April 1, 11 a.m.

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERPEN

Westersland.....Feb. 12, 10 a.m. Wessersland.....Mar. 18, noon

Southwark.....Feb. 19, 10 a.m. Wessersland.....Mar. 25, noon

Noordland.....Mar. 4, noon Southwark.....April 1, noon

Friesland.....Mar. 11, noon Noordland.....April 8, noon

International Navigation Company

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BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent

79 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Anecdotal.

At the last meeting of the British Medical Association but one, the discussion on neuroasthenia and its treatment was introduced by Dr. Savage in the following words, "What is neuroasthenia? There was once a professor who, being asked what he knew upon a certain subject, replied, 'Nothing; I have not even lectured on it.'"

A colored witness in a Southern court recently stated that he was unable to testify as to a certain occurrence, because he had a "domestic trouble" just about that time. "What was that domestic trouble?" asked the examining attorney. "Well, to tell the truth, boss," said the witness, "I was in the penitentiary for stealin' a cow."

Dr. Busby, the flogging head-master of Westminster School, pretended not to recognize his former pupil, Father Petre, in his ecclesiastical costume, and, when Petre had excused himself for his apostasy on the ground that the Lord had need of him, replied: "I have read the Scriptures as much as any man, and I never knew that the Lord had need of anything but once, and that was an ass."

In a book of reminiscences of Concord thirty years ago, by Frank Preston Stearns, just published, the author relates how Miss Alcott came to him one day, and asked him to take her out rowing. He complied, but he found it more of a job than he had anticipated. "This is the darnedest boat I ever pulled," he remarked. "Frank," said Miss Alcott, "never say darn. Much better to be profane than vulgar."

Colonel T. A. Dodge is responsible for the following story of a negro preacher whose congregation habitually made a great racket every Sunday. Upon being questioned, the old man, with evident sorrow for the ignorance of the colonel, said: "Doan you know the Lawd's Prayer?" "Of course," replied the colonel; "but what has that to do with it?" "Doan de Lawd's Prayer say hollered be Thy name?" replied the all-wise preacher.

A ragged and bewhiskered individual stopped Mr. Chauncey Depew on Fifth avenue, and asked for a dime. He was given a quarter, and, after thanking Mr. Depew, said, "May I ask who you are, sir?" In a rather confidential tone Mr. Depew answered, "I am Grover Cleveland, President of the United States; and who are you?" "Me!" said the mendicant in a tone of surprise and disdain. "I am Chauncey Depew, president of the New York Central Road."

Sir Arthur Sullivan was himself in Berlin to assist at the first performance of his Ivanhoe at the Royal Opera recently. While he was there he met Mascagni at a dinner given in honor of the two illustrious guests of musical Berlin. "In which of the European capitals would you soonest live?" asked Sir Arthur, and Mascagni's reply was rather perplexing: "I would live from 9 to 11 a.m. at London, from 11 to 5 at Paris, from 5 to 7 at Vienna, from 7 to 10 at Budapest, and after 10 at Berlin."

One of the best known of English judges was recently sitting in Chambers and had occasion to refer to some papers. Not finding them on his desk, he left his chair and searched for them behind a screen, during which operation he was of course hidden from the people in the room. Enter a noisy individual, who, glancing towards the vacant seat, exclaimed in very audible tones, "What! Has the old fool gone to luncheon?" "No, he has not gone yet," came from the judge, as he reappeared to public view.

Judge Walton, who presides over a court at Washington, is a man of grim humor. One time, in the lobby, a member of the bar was seeking to convey the impression to a group, of whom Judge Walton was the center, that his income from his profession was very large. "I have to earn a good deal," the lawyer said; "it seems a large story to tell, Judge, but my personal expenses are six thousand dollars a year. It costs me that to live." "That is too much, Brother S—," said the judge; "I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it!"

G. A. Sala on one occasion was cabbies and cynical. There appeared to him one of the proprietors of the *Telegraph*, clad in furs and attended by the most comfortable of broughams. "Do you believe in a Datty?" asked Sala, when he was traveling luxuriously homeward. "Yes, of course I do. Go to sleep," said his companion. Sala went to sleep, only to wake up with the same question on his lips. "Of course I do," said the owner of the brougham once more. "I used to believe," said Sala; "but when I find a man like myself, miserable and without even the price of a cab, while an empty-headed noodle like you is rolling in money and broughams, I give the Datty up—I can't believe any more."

Between You and Me.

A RESTFUL memory of old times comes to me sometimes; that memory of the late afternoon hour, when, in the old home, there was a long sitting in the gathering dusk, a silent sitting, a drowsy, meditative, half asleep hour, when the lamps waited to be lighted and no one moved to light them, but sat, book on knee, work hanging from idle fingers, eyes half closed, and every faculty at rest. Presently came the stamping of the boys, the hurried rush to the match-stand, the flare of the lamps, the song of the kettle, the rattle of the tea cups. The air was vibrant with the sounds of the family life; the yawn, sleepy, drowsing hour was chased away!

"I think," said grandma, "that you young people don't talk very nicely nowadays." The young people, who had been discussing the attitude of the sexes, were confused, for grandma rarely speaks to find fault. They wondered what they had said. Grandma went on, "It's all a mistake you girls make, parading your independence. How you do act, to be sure! In the street, you push your way through the crowd ahead of your escort. He doesn't like it, I can see. Then, when you come into a crowded car and a man rises to give you a seat, as he knows he should, you say, in a high key, 'No, thank you. I don't wish to take your seat,' instead of making pretty eyes and a grateful mouth at him, and taking the preferred kindness, as you have a right to. Then you pull on your own coat, and swing those great cloaks around you, instead of asking some man to lay them over your shoulders, as he would like to do. All the little courtesies of life are yours by right, men are bound to bestow them on you, but no man is ready to offer them again after you have once snubbed him." "But," said one of the girls, "those dreadful remarks in the papers about men and women in the street cars." "I've read them," said grandma, settling her specs and resuming her knitting, "and I believe women wrote them."

Independence is the prerogative of the shop-girl, the typewriter, the toller for bread, to whom the small courtesies of life from the sterner sex are practically forbidden, because she, poor maid, must keep herself distant and reserved against misconstruction. She puts on her own coat, pays her own fare, crowds alone through the jam of humanity, because, of all people, she needs help and courtesy and kindness the most; because the world is much awry, and he who would be kind, dare not, while he dares, must not. But independence is not always necessary, and unless it be necessary it is unlively. One hears a lot of grumbling at the discourtesy, indifference and selfishness of men nowadays. What else can one expect? The practice of chivalry has been laughed to scorn by women crazed with some monstrous notion of independence. The knights of to-day are brave fellows, I can tell you! It was a grand and glorious business some centuries ago, made so by the recognition and admiration of women, but nowadays, with the glare of self-reliance in every female eye, the lustre of chivalry is dim and uncertain. Oh, a judicious helplessness, my sisters, is a power to be recognized and used for the good of ourselves and our men-folk, and, as grandma said many of us neither talk nor act nicely now, days in this matter.

The most absurd application of this idea comes to me. I see a long board table, piled high with butter, fowls, eggs, turkeys, and having for back-ground a row of market women, black, yellow and white. At the end sits a handsome brown woman, with laughing eyes and kinky curls, and an amber bead necklace half lost in the folds of her fat neck. She used to lecture me in this fashion: "See here, honey, you never git married, way you g'on. You too smart, honey, gen'men don't like smart young ladies, not to marry! You jes' fol' up you han's an' low you don' no nuffin', an' someone come long an' marry you, jes' out o' pity. You min', yo' aunts tells you true. I sometimes wonder what Mr. Gay pitied me! It seems so unlikely that perhaps it may be so!"

What queer people drift to a city! Here come the tillers of the soil, when their hands are horny and their pores heavy, to live a lonely life, between the memory of sweet nature and the present oppression of bricks and mortar; to stare with bovine directness at the butterflies of fashion flitting in and out of the shape of a morning; to wonder, uncomprehendingly, why they don't fit of an afternoon, for what can the tillers of the soil conceive of visiting lists and teas? I saw such an one at luncheon the other day, and he fixed his mild eyes on me and stared like a Heidelberg student. Do you know the state of the Heidelberg student, the undiluted essence of active impertinence, that respects nothing or no one? I remember a few years ago, when the four corners of the earth foregathered in Dublin, for the honor of grand

old Trinity's three hundredth birthday, that among other queer-looking specimens there came two Heidelbergers. They had long knee-boots, tight white breeches, black velvet coats, swords and gauntlets, and wonderful little hats with one white ostrich plume a yard long, nodding up from the front. And the people out-stared them! It was so lovely. The magnificent Dublin girl neither blushed nor faltered under the Heidelberg gaze—they went them one better. And the students seemed to lose their traditional impudence; their very strut seemed to falter; one of them confided to me that he felt vanquished. The other one went out and got gloriously drunk, and drew his sword and wanted to fight, and the last I saw of him was when he was being borne in triumph on the shoulders of two stalwart Trinity men; his hat on hind-side before, the white feather streaming with a broken back to the midnight breeze, and shouts of merriment drowning his attempts to sing, as he and his hearers blocked the pavement after the concert in Leinster Hall.

Ah, that concert reminds me of someone else, the man who was not as other men, who carried about him an atmosphere of refinement and spirituality, whose life was free from every tie but devotion to his Art, and whose last words voiced his life's consecration: the man to whose memory, even, I bow and kneel, now that he has gone away. That night Lord Leighton came to the concert with the Lord Lieutenant's party; from where I sat I could see the painter's shining, silvery hair, and now and then, when he turned to speak to the lady beside him, his pure chiseled profile. He was so rarely fine, the ideal artist in appearance, to know whom was not perhaps a liberal education, but more, an inspiration! Longfellow, whom I always revered and hoped to meet, and Leighton, whom having met at long intervals I hoped to meet again, have been my two most cherished ideals. Why does not Heaven send such men oftener?

LADY GAY.

A Soft Answer.

Scottish Night.

The blacksmith of a certain village in Scotland is a good sort of fellow, but over fond of "whisky."

Meeting him one day, the minister said: "Robert, this is an awful example to show your two sons! What can you expect to make of them with a drunken father?"

The appeal was not lost on Robert, who, with a choking sensation in his throat, replied:

"Weel, minister, I hope tae mak' me twa lads what it's no possible for you tae mak' your twa."

"Yes; and what is that, Robert?" asked the minister.

"Weel, sir," said Vulcan, "I hope tae mak' them better men nor their faither."

Pretty Nearly Perfect.

Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. May Fair—He says few genealogies are as flawless as his. It runs back to the time of Edward the Confessor, with but one single flaw.

Mrs. Parke-Lane—Some doubt as to a younger or elder branch?

Mrs. May Fair—Yes; his grandfather was a foundling.

Pneumatic Sleeves.

It seemed at one time as if some device such as blowing up a sleeve to hold it out would be necessary, but Fibre Chamois came on the scene just in the nick of time. One layer of the light weight No. 10, cut across the goods, will support any sleeve in the stiff and stylish grace which fashion demands—not for a day, but for as long as the garment lasts.

The proprietor of a menagerie relates that one of his lions once had a thorn taken out of his paw by a French lieutenant in Algeria. The lion afterwards ran over the list of officers belonging to the regiment of his benefactor, and out of gratitude devoured all of superior grade. The little Viscount X. after sowing his wild oats, decides to enter the bonds of matrimony. A young girl is introduced to him rightfully ugly. "What fortune has she?" asked the little Viscount. "Twelve thousand pounds!" "Oh!" replied he, making a face, "that is not a fortune!" At the most it is only an indemnity!

School Visitor—What did George Washington say when his father asked him who cut down the cherry tree? "Boy" he said, "I done it, ole man—that's right." School Visitor—Him—that's near enough—and what did that prove about George Washington's character? "Boy" he proved that he was dead on to his ole man an' knew his ole man was dead on to him. "Judge."

Wanderer—Yes, lady; a few years ago I was rollin' in wealth. Kind-hearted Housekeeper—Poor man! he is a quarter. Rum did it, I suppose? Wanderer—No'm. Religion. Kind-hearted Housekeeper—Religion! Wanderer—Yes'm; I was one of the most successful burglars in the country; but I got religion and could not work at me trade no more. Thanks! —Puck.

Windsor Salt for Table and Dairy

Purist and Best.

Plenty of It.



"So you mean to go around the world afoot. Who on earth put such an idea into your head?" "My doctor. He prescribed more exercise."

—*Fliegende Blatter*.

With the Humorists

Employer—How is it, James, that you are so late this morning? Office boy—I—I didn't know you were coming so early, sir!

"Jabber's son, they say, could talk when only two weeks old." "That's nothing. The Bible says Job cursed the day he was born." —*Judge*,

"I tell you, Binks, tennis is a great game." "Really, Jones, you should be more careful in your English. Tennis was a great game." —*Ba-*

Do You Realize

That the great trouble of the American nation is Kidney Disease?

Very few men and fewer women have perfect kidneys. Did you know this?

And did you also know that there is but one remedy known to science for this great trouble: Warner's Safe Cure.

If you have peculiar pains in the back, or anywhere else in the body, they probably come from disordered kidneys. If you are weak, sickly and do not know the cause the chances are it is kidney trouble.

When the great and only cure for this is so easily obtained, are you, perhaps, not wasting time and running a great risk if you do not secure it?

If?

If you want to preserve apples, don't cause a break in the skin. The germs of decay thrive rapidly there. So the germs of consumption find good soil for work when the lining of the throat and lungs is bruised, made raw, or injured by colds and coughs.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, will heal inflamed mucus membranes. The time to take it is before serious damage has been done. A 50-cent bottle is enough for an ordinary cold.

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Street Skirts

That are easy to walk in and never lose their proper rippling folds and firm hem, may be made by using light weight No. 10.

Fibre Chamois:

all through them. Cut it across the goods and tack it frequently to the lining and put a narrow band of heavy weight, No. 30, around the bottom for extra stiffness.

Get the Real Fibre Chamois

The name is on each yard



HOTEL DEL MONTE

PRESTON SPRINGS, Ont.

THE ENGLISH GOVERN



The Woman's Art Association last Saturday held a meeting, for which Mrs. Beattie of Isabella street kindly opened her house, which was addressed by Miss M. A. Fitzgibbons, on the subject of historical paintings for the exhibition of 1897. The paintings had reference chiefly to the ceramic art, and the speaker felt sure that sets of china decorated with vignettes of the men and women celebrated in the early history of our country would be most suitable in helping to furnish the buildings which it was proposed to erect for the celebration, which would aid in the formation of a permanent historical collection such as England possessed, and would very possibly find purchasers among our visitors from a distance, who would be glad to carry away so artistic a souvenir. Among the names suggested for these vignettes were: Madame Frontenac, Madame de la Petrie, Marguerite Bourgeoys, Margaret Choate, Madeline de Vercheres, Lady Carlton and Lucy Simcoe. For many of these portraits some research might be necessary; some could be found in the galleries in France and England. Sketches of places would also be suitable for this purpose; early views of Toronto are procurable, or with the aid of imagination could be drawn; incidents in the lives of these early settlers could be depicted, such as the landing of Margaret Choate at Burlington Bay with her younger brothers, Madeline de Vercheres' encounters with Indians on several occasions when the protectors of the household were absent; a calendar which should be full of important dates, sketches, portraits, would reach a greater number of people than perhaps anything else. At the close of the very interesting talk which Miss Fitzgibbons declined to call a lecture, Mrs. Curzon, in response to a pressing invitation, added a few wise words, saying she felt just a little jealous for our own province and hoped much would be done for it, and as the history of a country was best written in its art, as with the Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, so we should endeavor to have that writing of as high a character as was possible to us.

The seventeenth annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy will this year be held in Montreal, and will be opened on Thursday, March 12.

Miss G. E. Spurr is at work on several sketches made in and about Doon, where she spent last summer and autumn. Some of the best of these were made in the latter season. A little woodland scene is especially fine in varying greens, in perspective and in color.

At the sale of pictures at Messrs. Dickson & Townsend's last week, very good prices were realized. Many prominent men, already owners of some fine things, were among the buyers.

Mr. George Bruenech has been holding an exhibition of his water-colors in the Newmarket House Gallery, London, England, of which the *Court Circular* has the following to say: There is a breadth of feeling and realism in his finest picture (43) *Sunset on "Hornelen," Norway*—in fact, it would be hard indeed to beat this painting, which is wonderfully true to nature, conveying at once the impression of the great beauty of the scene. It is decidedly the gem of Mr. Bruenech's collection, although (26) *Sveraeholmklubb*, near North Cape, Norway, at Midnight, (29) *Midnight in the Lofoten Islands*, and (38) *Midnight Sun Effect, Tys Fjord*, are all hardly less beautiful in their coloring and scenery.

Any person who can write can learn to draw. In fact, as Homerton says, all writing, whether careful or careless, is drawing of some kind, though the forms drawn are not natural, but conventional. By this he means useful drawing, which should not be compared and confounded with artistic drawing. He states the

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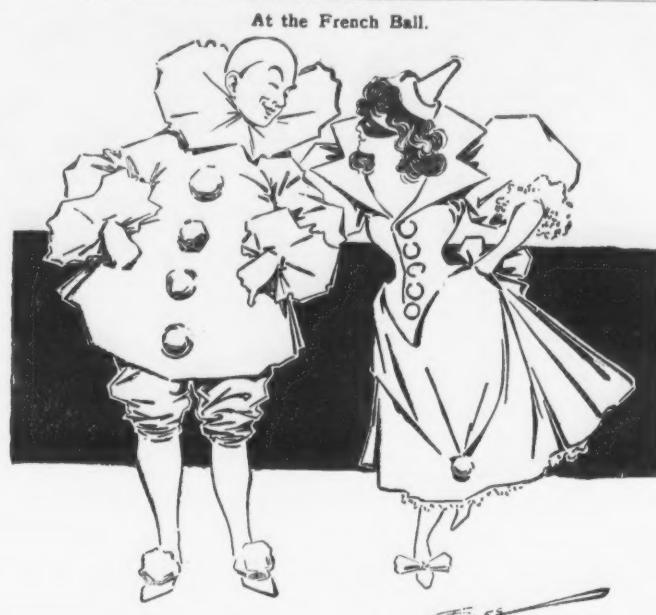
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"Charge of the Light Brigade" BY R. CATON WOODVILLE AT MATTHEWS BROS. & CO.'S FINE ART GALLERY

PRESENTATION ADDRESSES DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY A. H. HOWARD & CO. 53 KING ST. EAST TORONTO



"How is your friend Reggy disguised to-night?"
"As an honest politician."

difference thus: "The purpose of useful drawing is to explain the construction of an object; but the purpose of artistic drawing is to produce a visual effect to which full constructive explanation may be an impediment. The artist knows as much as a draughtsman, but he ought not to insist upon his knowledge. A poet may have studied geography, but he must not write like a geographer."

It is said that Aubrey Beardsley absolutely refuses to draw his pictures any larger than they are to appear in print. In this he is an exception to the average illustrator, who draws his pictures many times their size when reproduced. Perhaps if Aubrey were to make his grotesque creations any larger than as they appear, he would be so startled by their amazing disresemblance to anything in earth or sea that he would not care to have them reproduced at all. A good many people think it's hardly worth while as it is.

At the last regular monthly meeting of the Art Students' League the following new members were elected: Misses E. Hemming, M. Wills and L. Wrinch, and Mr. George Howell was elected to honorary membership. The reports of committees showed a flourishing progress.

A Boston painter who died not long ago was a broken-down wreck in his later days. Some feeling of pride and shame clung to him to the last, however, and, although he lived upon the charity of his friends, he never asked for money outright. In the crown of his hat he pasted this request: "Please lend me a quarter," printed in big, staring letters. When making a call he would doff his hat with much show of dignity, and there would be the mute appeal staring in the face of his intended victim. The scheme never failed.

The Lounger of *The Critic* has this to say of Mr. William Chase's proposed trip in Spain:

Mr. Chase is going to have a studio in Madrid. I can see it now. If his studio in New York was so well worth seeing, what will his studio in Madrid be? I envy those art-students, and would give a great deal to see that Spanish studio, but I hate to think of the beautiful studio in Tenth street as a thing of the past. After the Spanish trip Mr. Chase will take his pupils to Holland. This will bring the art itinerary down to 1897, after which Mr. Chase will abandon the teaching of art and devote himself entirely to painting. He has recently bought a house in Stuyvesant Square, and there he will have his studio. But none of the old things will be found in the new place. All the effects in the Tenth street studio—the paintings, tapestries, bronzes, brasses, porcelains and furniture—will be sold, even the famous and valuable collection of finger-rings, probably the finest in America. Mr. Chase has the true spirit of the collector—sell out and begin again. Well, this gives other collectors a chance. I am sure that this successful teacher's determination to cut short his teaching after a year or two more will fill many heart with dismay. Mr. Chase has done a great deal for the art-student, and, to be fair, the art-student has done a great deal for Mr. Chase.

"If you would like something unusually fine," said the art dealer, "I have a genuine Turner I shall be happy to show you." "A picture that's painted on one side is good enough for me," responded the wealthy contractor, transfixing the presuming tradesman with a sharp glance, "if it's well done."

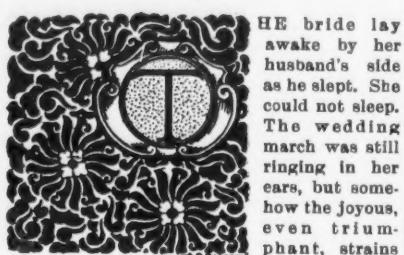
How many of the great artists were of humble origin and had to make their way in the face of poverty and other obstacles. Claude Lorrain was a pastry cook; Tintoretto, a dyer; one of the Caravagges was a grinder of colors, and the other a mortar-carrier at the Vatican; Giotto was a peasant lad; Salvator Rosa, an associate of robbers; Canova, a stone-cutter; Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of a keeper of a public house, and Turner, of a barber.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

How Are You Standing It?

Sir Andrew Clark, the eminent English physician, once said that he never knew of a case of physical breakdown from over work alone. He attributed these conditions to the use of alcohol, tobacco and habit producing drugs such as opium, morphine, cocaine, and chloral, in the majority of cases, and he predicted inevitable collapse sooner or later for those accustomed to a more or less constant stimulation to overcome the strain of continued mental or physical effort. There can be no doubt that the man who maintains his strength by the use of proper nourishment and refrains from stimulants will in every case stand the test of endurance long after the tippler had given up the bottle. Valuable corroborative evidence of this is afforded by the experience of several professional men who have taken the Lakehurst treatment at Oakville during the last four years. They tried hard work plus stimulants years ago, and they are doing hard work minus stimulants now. The treatment has removed the poison from the system and with the necessity for its further use, and they consequently find their power of endurance multiplied. If you are relying upon stimulation to carry you through you are leaning on a broken reed. Go to Oakville for a "cure"; to observe how much better the "without" plan works. No home treatment. No branch institutes. Toronto offices, 28 Bank of Commerce Building.

In the Darkness.



HE bride lay awake by her husband's side as she slept. She could not sleep. The wedding march was still ringing in her ears, but somehow the joyous, even triumphant, strains took on in memory a melancholy tinge, and she could have sworn it transformed itself into a dirge.

The congratulatory guests, now all gone, passed in review before her, and their words of compliment, heard again, contained stabs. Their smiles became sneers. The joy that she had felt as the prime figure in the wedding spectacle seemed now to come back to her strangely metamorphosed into pain.

The memory of her husband's kisses came upon her then, and she shuddered in the darkness. She held herself still a moment and then moved slowly, slowly to the very edge of the bed. She felt then as if she had left her husband miles and miles away.

Then a face seemed to form itself in the darkness close to her own. A face with heartache in its eyes. A face she did not know yet seemed to half-remember. The tenderness of the eyes seemed at once to caress and to rend and smite her. The lips appeared to invite and affright her own. Her heart seemed to flush with blood until it overflowed and the overflow was as a chill.

She cowered into the bed, but could not turn away towards her husband. The eyes held her, though she longed to escape.

"Who are you?" she whispered.

"The man you have forgotten," came the reply.

"No, no, no. I remember, but would forget. Go away!" she cried in words so low that she thought she spoke not at all, so great was her fear that her husband would hear.

"Good-bye," and the lips kissed hers.

A sob shook the bed and the husband awoke.

"What is the matter, darling?" he asked.

"I was dreaming."

He took her to his arms and kissed her. At her shudder he said, "Poor little girl," and patted her hair with his hand and fell asleep again.

The Fakirs of India.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford in an interview with a representative of the *Illustrated American* was asked how he accounted for the phenomena witnessed by him in India.

"It would be prettily hard," he said, "to account for all of them. But while I was in the East I heard a story that suggests an explanation. One day in India a most extraordinary performance took place before a large crowd of people in the open air. An Indian, who was supposed to be exceptionally gifted with occult powers, took a man, cut him into pieces, and then brought him to life again. Of course, everyone that saw the thing done was horrified and amazed. Shortly afterwards, a boy who was up in a tree, just about the spot where the performance took place, was asked if he had seen the Indian cut up the living body of the man. 'No,' he said. 'I didn't see him cut up a man, but I did see him cut up a squash.' The inference is, of course, that the Indian had hypnotized the crowd and made them believe the squash was a man; but as he didn't know the boy was up in the tree the hypnotic influence didn't extend there."

Open as Day.

It is given to every physician, the formula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret; but no successful imitation has ever been offered to the public. Only years of experience and study can produce the best.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every pathological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. All pathological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, sermons or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

HUMBER.—Not much in your study. It does not reveal much self-reliance; seems to be the writing of a young person decidedly lacking in force and not at all original. An unawakened nature, maybe, but showing care and affection, some a bition, gentleness and a tendency to affection. Brace up, be yourself, don't be afraid.

YALDUP.—This is a rather finely strong psycho personage, very impressionable, but with strong individual traits, somewhat prejudiced, apt to act from impulse, at once shrinking and candid, not markedly systematic in work, hopeful and generally buoyant, but rather affected by environment, with good sequence of ideas, but unequal

expression. A creature to be patiently and carefully studied, especially by himself.

HILLY HOLLY.—1. She is either married or a horrible humbug. Seriously, there is a husband, a very nice fellow, and, as you say, he won't be ignored at all times. I shall tell the lady of your compliments and I'm sure she will blush. 2. Your writing shows refinement, good temper, gentleness and generosity, much sympathy, tact and appreciation. You are candid and a wee bit careless of details, but should be a charming woman, somewhat of an idealist, and sure to be popular. Surely you are not very old. Your taste in dress and artistic matters should be good, and your manner pleasing.

JOAN.—I have done something very like this recently. Is this surely your first effort? It is an unfinished character, full of possibilities, but not yet poised nor decided. The mind is practical, sense of justice exact, affection strong, truth unimpeachable; will firm and purpose constant, but decision yet wavering in certain matters. Steady yourself; find your balance, and you'll do. Anyone who finishes, every letter as you do should attain excellence, if only for conscientious performance. You have a strong groundwork, with considerable refinements and appreciation of beauty; should be a friend worth having, and if you are wise you can supply exactly the elements needed by that impulsive creature whose study comes with yours.

DARRY.—1. Are you really a man? There is an unreasoning streak in you, which seems quite feminine. I am quite proud of the place habit has given me in your esteem; "quite an old friend," even though the friendship be formed with printer's ink, is a fine position. 2. Your writing shows great individuality, a very delicate sense of honor, a direct and sometimes hard method, ambition, buoyancy and very great force of determination. There are few sluggish hours in your twenty-four; vitality is very strong, and tenacity of opinion as the air you breathe. You are logical, but not diplomatic, cautious and conservative, but not narrow, probably uprightness and self-respect are your best stand-bys. They are fine. You are capable, my friend, of very great depth of affection which might be both jealous and exacting. As you are strong, be merciful!

THOR.—I hope you get home safely, such a nice creature you are; we can't afford to lend you any longer to the far West. I hope your patience was not worn out. Your turn comes just now. 2. And now for your character. It is one which strikes at once with a ring of truth and honesty, and the force, perception, mental equipment and every-thing else that makes for pleasing individuality is of the first order. Hope, humor, vivacious mind, receptive attitude, excellent temper and sunny disposition generally, with adaptability, originality and a certain finality of decision and purpose, which shines off your doing in a most satisfactory and delightful manner. I think you should be thorough. The exception you take to those pictures only shows that the taste of the world varies; I've forgotten them. By the way, your faults, I believe, you requested a mention of? I think you are a bit uncompromising and inclined to over-self-assertion. So strong a nature is almost sure to overshoot the border line, and in doing so, one is so apt to jostle someone. The strength is not the cause, but the self-assertion. I hate even to say this much, in the face of your truly delightful writing.

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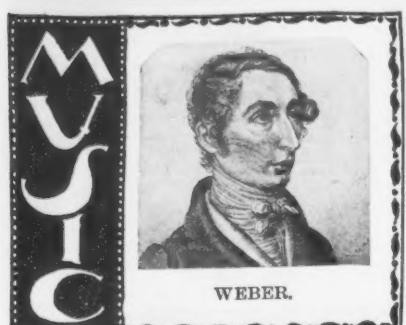
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I understand that it is the intention of the Philharmonic to repeat *The Creation* at an early date. This announcement will be generally regretted. The policy of repeating performances of familiar works, if persisted in by the society, will, I believe, tend to discourage the chorus and at the same time lessen public confidence and diminish public interest in the work of the organization. What is wanted at this stage is concerted action on the part of all concerned in the direction of enlarging and improving the chorus and in introducing novelties in the special line of work taken up by the society. The recent performance of *The Creation* was chiefly interesting as a demonstration of the conductor's fitness for the responsible position he has been elected to fill. When all the circumstances connected with the performance are considered it cannot be admitted that the result was most encouraging and that there was every reason to hope for a revival of interest in oratorio work in this city. Having proven the conductor's ability, it is the duty of those in charge of affairs to endeavor, before again appearing in public, to so strengthen their choral and other resources that there will be no occasion to apologize for the performances on the score of inadequate means of interpretation. Several more such performances as the first concert of the society this season would kill it beyond any hope of resurrection. The public are weary of excuses of "good under the circumstances" order. Toronto is no longer an overgrown village, and our patrons of music, who have exercised every possible patience for years past, are beginning to feel that they have a right to expect performances in keeping with the importance of the city. Any other order of work, it is safe to prophesy, will receive no further support than its merits entitle it to. It is more than likely, were an aggressive policy pursued, that a number of recruits might be obtained for the chorus from the Mendelssohn Choir and the Male Chorus Club, both of which societies are now closing their season's work. *The Creation* has now been in the hands of the chorus for a year past and it will be a miracle if they hold together and consent to be worried with it any longer this season.

The subscribers' list for the Albani concert is assuming large dimensions and a brilliant audience for the important concert is a certainty. The great prima donna sang in Montreal last week and was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. Montreal critics are unanimous as to her great triumph on this occasion. She is said to be singing as well as ever, and with the fine company of assisting artists she brings with her it is not too much to predict that the concert in Massey Hall on February 21 will be among the most memorable musical events of the year. The audience will include many visitors from different towns and cities of the province, a large number of seats having already been booked for outside parties. Albani has just returned from Germany and in an interview makes the following interesting statements concerning her musical experiences in the Fatherland. She says: "My tour in Germany was a delightful one. Apart from any success I made, it was a pleasure for me to sing my leading and favorite roles in those German art centers where there is such a devotion to and appreciation of art. There is an atmosphere which brings to the front the best one can do. They are critical, but they are also appreciative. I will sing there again with the greatest pleasure." She also makes most kindly reference to the people of Canada, and expresses her most grateful appreciation of the love she has always been shown in this, her native land.

The concert given on Friday of last week by the Metropolitan church choir, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington, was worthy of the well earned reputation of that organization. The chorus singing was solid and in other respects very satisfactory. Mr. Albert Jordan, the solo organist, played in a manner which reflected great credit upon his teacher, Mr. Torrington. Mons. Mercier, the well known tenor, assisted the choir. His rendering of Rossini's *Cujus Animam (Stabat Mater)* was received with warm applause and he was obliged to respond to an encore. Miss S. Herson sang very acceptably, and Miss Dingle, the new contralto, sang well. The Lord is Mindful of His Own (Mendelssohn) with artistic style and a voice of remarkable power and breadth. Miss Alice D. Burrows in *How Blest Is He* was also very successful. In the duet, *By Thee with Bliss (Creation)*, Miss Burrows and Mr. Richardson scored a decided success. Mr. Flint, Mr. McLean, Mr. Fieldhouse, Mrs. Fraser, Miss Chester and Miss Warden took solo parts and acquitted themselves very creditably. Mr. Torrington played the accompaniments in his usual able manner, and the audience felt that this fine organ and excellent choir should more frequently give the public an opportunity of listening to such programmes as that presented on this occasion.

An excellent concert was given in Association Hall on Tuesday evening last under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington. The entertainment was one of a series which is being provided under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. Ladies' Auxiliary. A programme of unusual merit was presented, and the manner in which it was carried out gave the greatest satisfaction to those present. Organ solos were contributed in good style by Mr. Albert Jordan and Mrs. K. Smith. Miss Kathryn Birnie rendered, with her accustomed success, Leschetizky's *Piccola* and Liszt's *Hungarian*

Rhapsodie. Miss Fannie Sullivan and Herr Rudolf Ruth gave an admirable example of ensemble work in Grieg's duo Sonata for piano and 'cello. The interpretation given this characteristic work was, as might have been expected, excellent in all details. The vocal numbers included selections by Miss Herson, Miss Dingle, Miss Burrows and Mr. W. J. Carnahan, all of whom acquitted themselves admirably. Miss Dingle, a comparatively new comer, won a pronounced success in her solo and was enthusiastically encored. A recitation by Miss May E. Mathews and several other selections made up a programme which was of unusual interest and attractiveness throughout.

A congregational praise service was held at Erskine Presbyterian church on Wednesday evening of last week, when a more than usually interesting programme of sacred music was rendered by the efficient choir of the church under the direction of Mr. Arthur Hewitt, organist and choirmaster of the church. The chorus work of the choir was excellent and reflected most creditably upon the members and their painstaking leader. A feature of the service, and one which has been noted in this column before in connection with the services at Erskine, was the heartiness and musical effectiveness of the congregational singing. Most of our churches might well profit from the example set by Erskine church in their fine hymn singing. Solos were ably rendered during the evening by Mrs. Scrimger Massie, Miss Mortimer, Miss Westman, Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Mills. Mrs. Massie sang Holden's arrangement of *Nearer my God to Thee* in her usual sympathetic and artistic manner. Miss Westman deserves special mention for her admirable work during the evening.

Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, the eminent pianist who appears at the Mendelssohn Choir concert on Tuesday evening next in Massey Hall, continues to win fresh triumphs in the leading cities of the neighboring republic. Her reception at the recent concert of the New York Liederkranz is described by the *Musical Courier* as having been "tremendous." The opinion is freely expressed by competent critics that Mrs. Zeisler is the greatest of living woman pianists. Dr. Hanslick, the eminent critic of Vienna, says that "Her delicacy in the finest florid work is as marvelous as her fascinating energy in forte passages. Her virtuosity is

expressed by many that similar Saturday afternoon recitals by the same and other artists might be given more frequently. Their benefit from an educational point of view is self apparent, and the interest taken in them, as evidenced by the large audiences present at both recitals given by Miss Hart, should encourage others to imitate her good example.

One of the best songs which has come under my notice for some time has just been published by Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. The composer, Mr. C. A. E. Harris of Montreal, has in this work, which is entitled *Under the Standard*—words by C. Clifton Bingham—given a musical setting to a stirring and patriotic text which is certain to appeal strongly to all classes of singers. The time is opportune for a good work of this kind, and Mr. Harris has succeeded in this song in writing music brimful of martial spirit and dramatic fervor. Mr. Watkin Mills sang *Under the Standard* when the song was still in manuscript and met with the greatest success in its rendering. The song is suitable for bass or baritone.

Miss Elsa Idle, the clever young pupil of Miss Norma Reynolds, sang with great success at a concert given in Meaford on Friday of last week. The *Meaford Mirror* says of her singing on this occasion: "Miss Idle's opening solo, *Staccato Polka*, by Mulder, was the signal for an outburst of applause that was only suppressed when the young artiste bowed her graceful acknowledgments to her auditors. Miss Idle received three encores, to two of which she responded. Miss Idle was the star of the evening." The *Meaford Ontario* also accords the young soloist highest praise.

Mr. Albert Nordheimer's melodious ballad entitled *The Song of the Southern Maiden*, which was sung from manuscript at the recent Robinson-Marsden concert by Miss Auguste Verley Robinson, has since been published and may now be seen and purchased at any music-dealer's. In this effective song Mr. Nordheimer has struck a happy vein and has produced a musical setting to a pathetic text which is simple, eminently appropriate and full of sentiment. The song is dedicated by the composer to Miss Robinson.

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stupendous." The engagement of this remarkable player by the committee of the Mendelssohn Choir has aroused the keenest interest in local musical circles. Besides Mrs. Zeisler, the foremost of American tenors, Mr. W. H. Rieger, will take part in the concert, singing several solo numbers and the obligato in Fanning's Dramatic Scene, *Liberty*, which will then be given for the first time in Toronto. The chorus has never been in as good form as at present, and the programme to be presented by them is exacting, comprehensive and very agreeably varied. The plan opened at Nordheimer's on Tuesday morning last, and the list of subscribers obtained before that time is believed to have exceeded in numbers that of any similar event undertaken in Toronto, for some years at least. The unusually large number of our leading society and musical people who volunteered their subscriptions is tangible proof of the impression created by the chorus in its work last season. It is expected that the high standard reached last year will be fully upheld on Tuesday evening next. The plan is now open at Nordheimer's.

On Monday evening last an interesting recital was given by pupils of the Metropolitan School of Music at West Association Hall. A large audience was in attendance and an excellent programme was presented in a manner reflecting most creditably on the pupils and the institution with which they are associated. Among those taking part were the following piano pupils: Mr. Cecil Carl Forsyth, and Misses Letitia Whyte, Dora Anger, Maggie Mitchell, Gwendolyn Roberts, Helen Watkins, Ethel K. Martin and Harriet S. Taylor. Vocal selections were rendered by the following pupils: Misses Alice Malcolmson, Louise Howard, Minnie F. Hessian, Maggie Liddell, and Mr. A. Dockray. Two of Mrs. Klingenberg's violin pupils assisted, namely, Miss Maude Quelch and Master Oscar Taylor, and a reading was contributed by Miss Violet McNaughton. The audience was enthusiastic, and the work of the pupils generally proved conclusively the superior character of work being done in the new school of music.

A piano recital was given at Nordheimer's warerooms on Saturday afternoon last by Miss Ada E. S. Hart. The event attracted a large and critical audience, composed principally of our leading amateur and professional musicians, and a considerable contingent of local students of music. The programme was well chosen and interesting, including numbers by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Gruenfeld, Chopin, Leschetizky and Paderewski. Miss Hart's playing was warmly applauded and much enjoyed by those present, and the desire was

expressed by many that similar Saturday afternoon recitals by the same and other artists might be given more frequently. Their benefit from an educational point of view is self apparent, and the interest taken in them, as evidenced by the large audiences present at both recitals given by Miss Hart, should encourage others to imitate her good example.

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Social and Personal.

On Tuesday evening last Miss Lottie Hill gave a very pleasing evening party to some of her special friends at 222 Sherbourne street. Those present were: Miss Switzer, Miss McMullen, the Misses Westman, Miss Cooper, the Misses Marke, Miss Mamie Brick, Miss Maud Brick, Miss Wilkinson, and Messrs. A. A. Burk, Chisholm, Broughton, Elliott, Harcourt, Stubbs, Fred Westman and R. H. Henderson.

The city of Guelph was the scene of one of those wonderfully interesting events on Wednesday, February 5, when one of the fairest of the fair daughters of the city became a bride. St. James' church was crowded to the doors and many could not gain admittance at the hour appointed. When Miss Beatrice Chisholm, daughter of the late T. C. Chisholm of Toronto, became Mrs. Eardley-Wilmot, no handsomer couple ever stood before the altar than Kenred Eardley-Wilmot of the Bank of Montreal, son of the late General F. M. Eardley-Wilmot, R.A., F.R.S., and Miss Chisholm. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and shrubs, while over the chancel steps hung a large bell of pink and white carnelians with a clapper of white lilles. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. J. Belt, rector of the church, and the bride was met at the door by the choir singing the hymn, The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden. Mr. T. W. Saunders gave the bride away, and her sister, Miss Fay, made a very sweet bridesmaid, dressed in golden brown velvet, plain full skirt, Louis XVI. coat edged with fur, vest and stock of white satin, ruffles of white chiffon, etc. The bride was very handsomely gowned in white satin with pearl passementerie and white chiffon; bridal veil held in place by a spray of orange blossoms and pearl crescent; superb bouquet of white roses. Mrs. Chisholm, the bride's mother, looked exceedingly well in black brocade, with beautiful honiton lace fichu, violets and bouquet of roses. The groomsman was Mr. R. A. Bell, while Messrs. B. D. Saunders, A. M. Bethune and A. D. Heward of Toronto performed the duties of ushers. After the ceremony the bridal party returned to the residence of Mrs. Chisholm, where congratulations and good wishes were showered on the happy couple, who left at 4:20 for New York and the East. Amongst the guests were noticed: Mr. L. H. and Mrs. Clarke of Toronto, Mrs. Macfarlane of Stratford, Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. Dixon, Dr. and Mrs. Leat, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Rev. A. Seaborn of Toronto, Mrs. E. Harvey, Miss Harvey, Miss Pipe, Mrs. and Miss Finlay, Mrs. Saunders, Miss Dartnell of Whitby, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Finlay, Miss Hall, Mrs. Mackinnon, Mrs. Oxnard, Mrs. Belt, Miss Keating, Miss F. Hall, Mr. William Pipe, Mr. C. L. Dunvar and Mr. C. L. Nelles.

Mr. and Miss Oulcott entertained a number of their friends at their beautiful home on Bathurst street on Wednesday evening.

The ladies of the W.C.T.U. are arranging for a very unique entertainment to be held at the Pavilion on Tuesday, February 13. It will be a mock parliament conducted entirely by ladies, and on the raised platform there will be seats for about fifty representatives of constituencies, the Government party on the side of the aisle to the right of the speaker and the members of the Opposition on the left. All the details are not ready for announcement, but I understand that Mrs. Dr. Stowe will be leader of the Government; Mrs. McDonald of Sunnyside, leader of the Opposition; Mrs. O. Rutherford, Speaker, and Mrs. J. L. Hughes, Minister of Education. There will also be a Patron party, with a leader, but fuller particulars will be given next week.

The Young People's Association of St. Stephen's church held a very successful concert in Broadway Hall on Thursday evening of last week in aid of the Gymnasium Building Fund. The financial result was the transfer to the fund of a nice little donation. The programme was furnished by the Victoria Minstrel Club, composed of such well known local talents as Mr. Cyril E. Rudge, Mr. J. F. Kidner, Mr. R. H. Greene, and Mr. R. W. Kidner. The very funny men were Messrs. W. F. Lancaster, John Morris, Fred Smyth, and J. F. Kidner, the last named excelling himself as an elocutionist and impromptu speaker. Mr. Rudge sang, to the delight of the audience, the song, Ships That Pass in the Night, and as leader of the famous Piccaninny Band he rivaled our beloved Sousa and the late lamented P. T. Barnum.

Charming Miss O'Flynn of Madoc has been the guest of Mrs. Neville since last week, and her many Toronto friends have been delighted to welcome her amongst them once more. Miss O'Flynn's splendid whist playing has won several beautiful prizes during her stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Gash have gone to live at 297 Sherbourne street. Mrs. Gash will be at home the first and fourth Mondays of the month.

Mrs. Harcourt of St. George street gave a tea yesterday afternoon.

Unsanitary Wall Coatings Condemned by the Bible.

"And behold if the plague be in the walls of the house with hollow streaks, greenish or reddish, then the priest shall say that the house is defiled, and the door shall be stopped up the house seven days. . . . And he shall cause the house to be scraped within round about, and they shall pour out the dust that they scrape off without the city into an unclean place."

To each of the first three persons in every city and town in the Dominion of Canada who write The Alabastine Co., Limited, of Paris, Ont., giving the chapter containing the above passage of scripture, will be sent an order on the Alabastine dealer in the town for a package of Alabastine, enough to cover 50 square yards of wall, two coats, tinted or white. To all who apply, giving us the name of the paper in which they saw this notice, will be given an ingenious puzzle, the solving of which may earn you \$50.00.

To test a wall coating, take a small quantity of it, mix in equal quantity of boiling water, and if it does not set when left in the dish overnight, and finally form a stone-like cement without shrinking, it is a kalsomine, and dependent upon glue to hold it to the wall, the feature so strongly objected to by sanitarians.

This matter of looking to the sanitary nature of wall coatings seems to be considered of much importance of late. A supplement to the Michigan State Board of Health, condemns wall paper and kalsomines for walls, and recommends Alabastine as being sanitary, pure, porous, permanent, economical and beautiful. Alabastine is ready for use by mixing in cold water.

They Wondered to See Him.

"I could not move a yard without help. I can now walk for miles."

There is certainly a very sharp contrast between these two statements. When we see a person who, because of illness, is unable to move a yard without help, we do not expect to meet him on the road and on foot miles from home, soon thereafter; if indeed, we meet him at all. At least we should regard these extremes, considered as within the experience of the same man, and enclosed within a comparatively brief period of time, as something to wonder at and ask questions about. And we did wonder at and inquire about it. Many said the circumstances recalled the age of miracles, supposed to have passed forever away. The facts, briefly set forth in a letter from the man himself, are as follows. We may add that Mr. Henry Jackson is a farmer, well known and respected in his district, and his case is familiar to neighbors and friends throughout the vicinity.

"In the early part of 1892," says Mr. Jackson, "I began to feel weak and ailing. I was low in spirits, and my bodily strength seemed to be leaving me. There was a bad and nauseous taste in my mouth: my appetite, which had always been good, failed until I had no real desire for food whatever, and after eating I had much pain at the chest and a fullness around the sides. My stomach always felt burning hot, and I had a gnawing pain at the pit of it."

"I remained in this general condition until August of the same year, when I was taken worse. My legs began to swell, and rheumatism set in all over me, more particularly in the hips and back. No local treatment had any effect upon it. It grew worse and worse, until I was no longer able to rise from my chair without assistance. In truth, I had no power over myself, and could not move a yard without help."

"I suffered so with mere pain that I could not lie in bed, and for over twelve months I never had my clothes off."

"During the time I was attended day and night, being literally unable to do anything of importance for myself. All the sleep I got was taken in naps and snatches while I was bustered up in my usual place in an armchair. Under the terrible strain of the pain and loss of proper rest my nerves broke down so that any uncommon event in the house or noise was more than I could bear. My heart was very bad, and thumped until I could scarcely stay in the chair and endure it."

"The doctor who had charge of my case said my condition was critical. He said my lungs and liver were badly affected, and that I had Bright's disease of the kidneys. Still his medicines did me no good, and after attending me ten months he said he could do no more for me."

"I then got a doctor from Bolton to see me, and he held out but slender hopes of my ever getting any better. I thought the same, and so did all who saw me."

"In October, 1893, my daughter, Mr. Dickinson, of Bolton, told me how she had been benefited by taking Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and thought it might possibly help me. I had small faith, but there could be no harm in trying. So we sent at once to Mr. Pare, the chemist in Fould road, Bolton, for enough to decide whether it would do me good or not. After taking it a short time I was better. I could sleep better, and had some appetite for food, and what I ate agreed with me. This was hopeful and cheering indeed."

"I kept on with the Syrup and it acted wonderfully with me. The worst symptoms abated, and I gained strength. Soon all the water in my legs passed off and the rheumatism troubled me but little. Still using the Syrup, my condition continued to improve in every respect, until I once more stood on my feet and felt like a man of this world. I can now walk for miles and have no pain. All my friends think as I do—that under the circumstances my recovery was nothing short of marvelous. You are at liberty to publish this statement and refer any interested persons to me. (Signed) Henry Jackson, Pewett Hill Farm, Culcheth, near Warrington, October 9, 1895."

No words of ours can add to the convincing force of Mr. Jackson's plain statement. His disease was originally and radically of the digestion. The attack was sharp and profound, and developed into the resulting conditions he so well describes. He may not have had Bright's disease, but that he was directly progressing towards that fatal malady there is no doubt. The effect of Mother Seigel's Syrup in his case only serves to show afresh its rare and remarkable power. Scarcely so great a victory to be looked for from any medicine. Yet the facts are undeniable. We congratulate Mr. Jackson on his escape from a danger which was much more serious than even he probably imagined.

Miss Passae—Dear me! I cannot cross the street without a lot of horrid men staring at me. Maud Ethel—They don't look more than once, do they, dear?

Old Lady (to niece who is portionless)—How is it, my dear, that you have never kindled a flame in the bosom of a man? Niece—The reason, dear aunt, is that I am not a good match.

Getting Adequate Returns.

Chicago Record.

"Chaperones can be hired now."

"Is that so? Well, let's hire ours to go to bed at nine o'clock."

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Gone to New York.

Mrs. R. Wolfe, 107 Yonge street, left for New York on February 5 for the latest spring novelties for 1896, such as fine millinery, mantles and costumes. She will return on February 15 with all the latest fashions.

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Births.

CLARK—Jan. 31, Mrs. Joe T. Clark—a son. GIANELLI—Jan. 29, Mrs. Alfred Gianelli—a son. MCINNIS—Jan. 29, Mrs. W. M. McInnis—a daughter. THOMPSON—Jan. 15; Mrs. H. R. Thompson—a daughter. LARVINE—Jan. 28, Mrs. George H. Larvine, youngest daughter of Mr. George Larvine, all of Toronto.

STEART—SEAGER—Jan. 29, Arthur Stewart to Octavia H. Seager.

BALFOUR—MELLIS—Jan. 29, John Balfour to Jenny Mellis.

CUTHBERTSON—MERSON—Jan. 29, James R. Cuthbertson to Isabella Merson.

Marriages.

BONDS—Feb. 1, Alfred Tyler Burns, aged 28.

BOND—Jan. 30, Mary Ann Burkett, aged 40.

MUNCHAUSEN—Jan. 29, Walter Munchausen, M. D., aged 40.

LUMSDEN—Central America, Dec. 29, Frank A. Lumden.

RUFER—Jan. 30, Peter Rufert, aged 87.

WRIGHT—Jan. 30, Minnie Wright, aged 87.

DUNBAR—Jan. 31, Elizabeth Dunbar.

OLIVER—Feb. 1, E. W. G. Oliver, aged 45.

SANDERS—Jan. 31, E. B. Sanders, aged 55.

BROWN—Feb. 1, Thomas A. Brown, aged 55.

CHADWICK—Ingersoll, Feb. 2, Charles E. Chadwick.

COCKBURN—Gravenhurst, Jan. 30, Peter Cockburn.

LAMONT—Feb. 2, Donald Lamont, aged 62.

LANSDELL—Feb. 2, Frederick Lansdell, aged 58.

DR. G. L. BALL

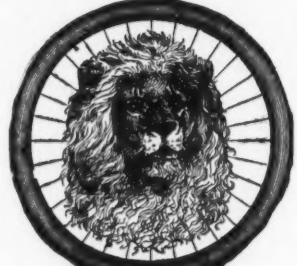
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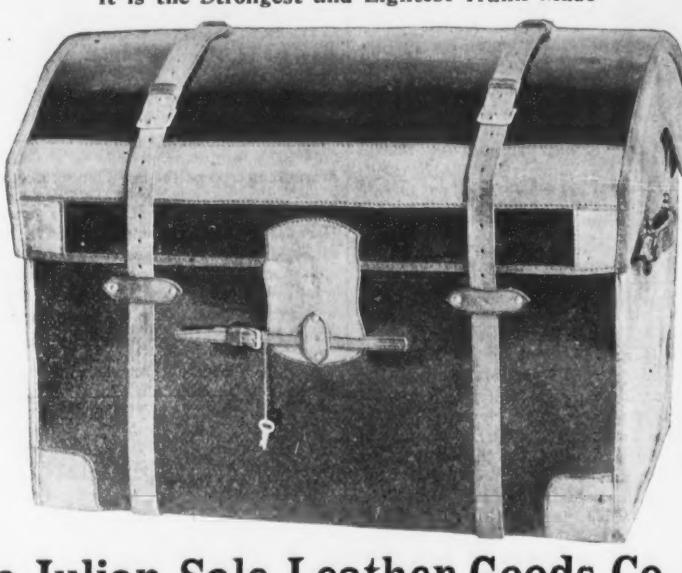
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